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ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA, SEPT. 20, 1854: DECORATING THE QUEEN'S COLOUR AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"John Bull, the well-known Church paper, is dead," says a recent obituary. The first number (for Sunday, Dec. 17, 1820), which now lies before me, does not give one the notion of a Church paper. It affords, indeed, a curious contrast to any newspaper of to-day. Its cost was sevenpence, of which fourpence was paid for the stamp. Notwithstanding its being a first issue, there are but half-a-dozen advertisements, one of them of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, "with a map of the discoveries made in the Polar Sea by Captain Parry." Its foreign intelligence is very limited, but it contains an item which will be still news to most of us, how the valet of the Duke Decres was burnt to death "in endeavouring to assassinate his master by exploding packets of gunpowder between his mattresses." In the law reports there is the trial of a highwayman, after which the counsel for the defence—with what seems a curious disloyalty—begs to say that he quite concurs in the verdict of "Guilty" given by the jury. We learn that "Sir Walter Scott, Bart., has been unanimously elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the resignation of Sir James Hall." This is almost all the news, the rest of the journal being taken up with vilifications of Queen Caroline and her adherents in prose and verse, all of which are, to say the least of them, exceedingly personal. Of the Whig lords, who are scarified in the column of "Original Poetry," Lord Ashburton gets off the best for his advocacy of her Majesty's claims—

The Lord Ashburton is an assiduous attender;
No voter for the Queen is stouter,
Although he knows no more about her
Than of the Witch of Endor.

On Denman's speech on the Queen's trial there is a bitter epigram—

Denman, in pleading, thought it fit
To quote some lines from Holy Writ;
But surely, in his last allusion,
He brings us to an odd conclusion:
For she who in the sacred lore
Was told to "Go and sin no more"
Assuredly had sinned before.

Some ingenious correspondent has discovered that "Queen Caroline's trial" makes the anagram, "Lo! quite clear a sinner."

But where this journal, as it would seem to us nowadays, passes all bounds in its personality is in its description of the Queen's lady sympathisers and visitors. It takes credit to itself for selecting an accurate list of them from the *Times* (a paper, it admits, which "has some weight in Hammersmith"), and comments on their private characters, their relatives and antecedents, most unmercifully. There are eight paragraphs, most of them too indelicate to be quoted, and we are promised that the list is to be continued regularly. As for "Harry Brougham, Esquire, M.P.," who has had the freedom of the City presented to him by the Common Council in a wooden box "because gold and silver ones, they remember, are convertible," there are few crimes of which he is not accused. On the other hand, the average of commendation is restored when dealing with his most gracious Majesty the Queen's husband: "No king who ever wielded the British sceptre possesses stronger claims to the attachment—the enthusiastic attachment—of his people than George IV., and no one's statue will the historian of the world deck with higher eulogies or more splendid trophies."

I find on dipping into a much more ancient volume that the recent musical experiments on animals are no novelty. Playford, in his "Introduction to Music," narrates how, travelling near Royston, he met a herd of stags following a violin: "while the music played they went forward, when it ceased they all stood still; and in this manner they were brought out of Oxford to Hampton Court." Five choristers, walking on the banks of the Mersey, in Cheshire, sat down and began to sing an anthem. Out of the wood ran a hare with great swiftness and stopped within twenty yards of them. "She appeared highly delighted with the harmony, often turning up the side of her head to listen with greater facility." As soon as the anthem was over she returned slowly towards the wood, but, on their beginning another, came swiftly back again, and became an attentive listener as before.

The "indolent reviewers" get many hard words for their lack of enthusiasm, and the "nasty" ones are very properly reprobated for their malice and ill-nature; but in all these discussions about author and critic we never hear one word about the reader, though it is for him alone that the other two exist. Reviewers do not now affect the fortunes of books as they used to do; but as regards a new author they still have power; if they cannot make or mar him, they can often accelerate or delay his success. At all events, when we go to the seaside we are apt to send to the circulating library for such works as have been greatly praised, and to take them down with us. It is rather an important matter, for out of our home and away from our friends we are very dependent upon books, which, if the weather be wet, are, indeed, indispensable. If our favourite literary organ announces a new discovery in fiction, we pay some credence to it; we know it to be incapable of a mere "puff," and look forward to the promised treat at a time when it will be most welcome. But if our literary organ

is out of tune, or the man that blows it is promoted (*pro tem.* while the other is on his holiday) to the keys, we suffer dreadfully for our misplaced confidence. So far as an author is concerned, he suffers more from a malevolent notice than he can gain by one of unmerited approbation; but the latter does the reader by far the greater wrong. Sooner or later he will get to know that the critic was incompetent and the book a good one; but he will never recover having been persuaded to pack a foolish three-volume novel into his portmanteau, only to be opened, anathematised, and packed up again. The worst critic is, of course, the malevolent one; but a very bad one may be also exceedingly good-natured, and if he imagines that he never makes an enemy he is mistaken.

The last device for securing popularity on the stage of the music-hall is a peculiar one—the songstress dazzles as she sings by inserting a jewel or two among her teeth, a novel combination, indeed, of pearls and diamonds. Still, it must needs originate in a defect. There must be a natural cavity to hold the diamond, for it is not likely that any woman would make an artificial one in her teeth for that purpose. In the old stage-coach days it was not unusual for our gilt youth to drill a hole through their front teeth, the better to execute the sound made by a professional whip to encourage his cattle; but the weaker sex is hardly capable of such an act of self-sacrifice. It is strange that a stopping of diamonds should prove so attractive, when one of gold is hardly considered even an ornament.

Years ago the present writer got into hot water for suggesting that literary work of all kinds might be improved by a little technical education. He was accused of tampering with the sacred flame of genius, and of asserting (which he never did) that silk purses might be made out of sows' ears. The Institute of Journalists, however, has now come to the conclusion that even journalism is capable of improvement, and actually suggests that candidates for that calling should prove by a preliminary examination that they are, to some extent, at all events, qualified for it. This has naturally aroused great indignation among that large class who believe that reading and (especially) writing come by nature, and who also (like the doctors) trust a good deal to it. It will be interesting to note whether, if this revolution be effected, it will alter the present conditions of reviewing. It must, of course, be taken for granted that the reviewer knows more than the author, even of his own business—or where is the value of criticism? But cannot some examination be devised for discovering whether the reviewer has read the book before him, or only "smelt the paper-knife"?

Of the admirable sayings of Abraham Lincoln—wiser and wittier than have been uttered by any other head of a State—one of the best was that from the result of his experiences of patriots during the War he drew the conclusion that the man who expressed himself "ready to shed the last drop of his blood was always very careful about shedding the first drop." In the annals of modern philanthropy, however, are many examples of readiness to do this for a fellow-creature. Whenever "transfusion" is recommended there are always volunteers to offer their blood. In the case of a cholera patient this was cheerfully done the other day by a porter of a hospital, and, though unsuccessful in its result, the experiment was noteworthy. "The patient's life," says the report, "was prolonged by one hour." Upon this science has already begun to build great hopes; but it is quite possible that even a slight prolongation of life (in the case of one who has not made his will, for instance) may be sometimes of great advantage—at all events, to his survivors. On the other hand, it is quite possible that the subtlety of the law may suggest that such a testament was made under the "undue influence" of alien blood.

A gentleman writing to a newspaper in favour of street music, says, "I love barrel-organs." This is a confession that one would think is absolutely unparalleled. He might have loved the lady from the sunny South who plays it, or the monkey, who, if he doesn't understand music in general, is said to be familiar with Handel, but to admire the organ itself seems something beyond belief. John Leech, indeed, once drew a picture of a lady who was supposed to like hurdy-gurdies: she had straw in her hair, and looked like a lodging-house-keeping Ophelia; but that was avowedly a fancy sketch. To many people all noise is welcome, provided it is loud enough, but they have no weakness for any particular kind of noise. The trombone no more moves them than the cymbals or the bagpipes; but this gentleman "loves" the barrel-organ. Does he also love the small-tooth comb (played like a flute), and the tongs and the bones, and the Jew's harp and the Scotch fiddle?

This kind of taste was not unknown in barbarous times. The Abbot of Baigne, in Louis the Eleventh's reign, was so skilful in the construction of musical instruments that it was said he could make harmony out of everything. The King therefore, expressed a wish to hear a concert of swine. "The abbot [says Boyle] then wrought a thing as singular as ever was seen. Out of a great number of hogs of

several ages, placed under a pavilion covered with velvet, before which he had a table of wood painted with keys, he made an organ; for, as he played upon the keys, little spikes pricked the hogs, and made them cry in such order and consonance as highly delighted his Majesty and all his Court."

It is not generally known that a good many persons, not otherwise idiotic, are as absolutely unable to understand what is commonly known as "business" as others are incompetent to deal with music or languages. It makes no difference if their own pecuniary interests (about which they may be in other respects sharp enough) are bound up with the matter in question. Directly stocks or shares or mortgages are being talked about—not to mention those legal documents and phrases which no layman can with truth say he understands—their attention languishes. They say, "Yes, I see," but they don't see; they are in "the region of fog and mist." This is why there are so many fraudulent trustees about. That the legal advisers of these ignoramuses are also sometimes fraudulent is very true; but if it were not for the said advisers they would never call anything their own that was not in their pockets. Indeed, with a famous historical character, one is "astonished at the moderation" of the lawyers when dealing with people of this stamp. A painter once complained of an easily bored sitter that "after the first five minutes he had no face"; and this is exactly the impression that these good folks make upon the beholder when they are being spoken to (very seriously) about their private affairs. If they have any expression at all, it is one of liberality: "Take half my property," they seem to say, "and welcome; but, for Heaven's sake, don't talk to me about these tedious details!" Of course, the delays, the expenses, the verbiage, and all the rest of it, connected with money affairs are disagreeable things enough to everybody who does not profit by them; but it is the subject itself which to these persons is hateful. If it were Hebrew or Sanscrit, it would not arouse their detestation, for, though not less unintelligible, they would not be expected to understand it; but here is a thing which their tormentor (in no other respect their superior in intelligence) has at his fingers' ends, while they can make nothing of it. It is like so much "black letter" to them, and when it comes to touching a wafer (perhaps for luck) and saying, "I deliver this as my act and deed," it becomes Black Art.

A friend who witnessed the late run upon the Birkbeck Bank tells me that nothing could be more humorous, if it had not been so intensely pathetic, than to hear the depositors asking the policemen's opinion of the financial stability of the establishment in which they had placed their all. It seems to corroborate the view expressed in a well-known music-hall song that when in doubt about anything one has only to "ask a p'leeceman"; but the fact is that, little as those officers may have known about the matter, the depositors knew less. The police, however, behaved admirably, and always replied, "Lor' bless yer, your money is as safe as if 'twere in the Bank of Hengland."

The latest method of advertising in America, if not the best, is the best for the writers of serial stories. It has long been the custom for shopkeepers to give a small volume as a present to those who purchase a certain amount at their establishment, and some of them now adopt the plan of giving the first chapter or two of an exciting story. This is so ingeniously announced that the customer soon comes back again for another instalment and another purchase: "the reader is thus kept in a constant trot to the store for the continuation." I hope to see this excellent plan adopted in England. A very conscientious novelist might object to be sold with anything deleterious, such as spirits or opium, but others will (very properly) conclude that the teaching their story conveys will more than make up for any moral deterioration caused by the raw material.

A recent case of alleged libel is a curious example of modern newspaper or magazine enterprise. Among the prizes offered by a periodical called *Spare Moments* was an eight-roomed house, to be given for the best short story. If one had entered for the competition, and been so fortunate as to be successful, would it have been necessary, I wonder, to live in that house? As a general rule, literary folks are difficult to please in this matter. When the Guild of Literature and Art first offered a country residence gratis it could get nobody to take it. A man of letters might be in depressed circumstances, and yet not so hard put to it as all that. One of them, indeed, did go down to look at the place, which, he said, was all very well, but there was no train that could take him there after the theatres were over—and he was not going to give them up. In the present case, it appears that some competitor did want this eight-roomed house, and, as somebody else got it, he was naturally displeased. He alleged that the whole affair was a bogus transaction, and an unfortunate novelist having been so weak as to act as umpire, he described him as a "dummy arbitrator." As to the rights of the case I know nothing, but its materials are certainly humorous enough, and afford a curious illustration of our modern methods of promoting circulation.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The holidays are over, and a new season has started with an unfortunate failure and a brilliant popular success. Having been mildly lectured while we were away by the commonplace, every-day young man, who wants to reduce art to the level of the middle-class tradesman's shop, and whose bleatings are exceptionally *bourgeois*, we go once more to the theatre, and find it is pretty much what it was before any new creed attempted to reform and convert, without any very special mission or aptitude for the task. The failure came at the Haymarket, and it was a surprise and a disappointment to many of us. Both Mr. Haddon Chambers and Mr. Outram Tristram have done good work, and the partnership promised well. There are pleasant memories in connection with "The Red Lamp," "The Idler," and "The Honourable Herbert." But apart from the earnest wishes that a new and strong dramatist would arise and make himself felt, putting art out of the question altogether, there are playgoers who amuse themselves in a different fashion. They follow Mrs. Langtry, and, naturally, they admire her. It is to them an intense pleasure to see a handsome woman well dressed. Directly Mrs. Langtry is announced to appear, the words "frocks" and "gowns" are in the mouths of many enthusiastic playgoers. And so "The Queen of Manoa" started with many advantages in its favour, certainly that of goodwill. But it is not a well-made, or, indeed, an interesting play. I conclude that the idea was this—to present a good, faithful wife, handsome, attractive, and married to a commonplace, prosaic husband, suddenly exposed to the temptation of an attractive personality. Then the authors, no doubt, wanted to show the struggles of a sincerely good woman battling against temptation and eventually defeating herself, electing, in fact, to go the straight path and not the crooked one. Not at all a bad idea, this, for a play, if the authors had only carried it out. But they have missed their chance. Neither hero nor heroine is interesting. We know or feel what they ought to have been, but can only see and hear what they are. We picture the hero a romantic, clever man, with an influence almost irresistible even to the strongest woman. We imagine the heroine emotional, high-strung, sensitive, a woman of nerve and pulsation. Alas! they are both commonplace to a fault. Their characters are not well expressed or drawn. Too much is left to the imagination of the audience, for they seldom meet or tell us what they are thinking about. And so the poor play drags wearily along, and the art of the actor is impotent with such a scheme. Good writing does not atone for unskilful development. The fringe of this society is frayed and untidy. There are several attempts to draw character, but they are unsuccessful. All we remember when all is over are the superb presence of Mrs. Langtry and the artistic skill of Mr. Cyril Maude. But the best and most popular actors in the world could have done nothing with "The Queen of Manoa." Sometimes good plays are ruined or misunderstood by the actors and actresses, but here there was no straw to make the dramatic bricks with. But there is the play. It is for the public to take it or leave it. If I understand the public aright, they are not long in deciding on the merits or demerits of any play.

Sir Augustus Harris, being a shrewd, observant, and business man, does not beat about the bush. He has the courage of his opinions. Unlike some managers, authors—yes, and critics—he does not coquet with any new-fangled fad. Like the experienced wine-taster, he spits out a bad sample and makes a wry face. At any rate, he knows what his patrons want, a knowledge that few modern managers have acquired. He knows it is a wise policy to give the public something to talk about, so he presents on Drury Lane stage one of the finest scenes ever attempted there. I remember well what a howl of indignation there was when, in "A Great City," Mr. Chatterton put upon the stage a hansom cab. It was thought that the cab in question would degrade and demoralise the stage. But the theatre has flourished in spite of that hansom cab. It has not run over our Irvings, our Bancrofts, our Hares, or our Alexanders, nor has it knocked down the Salvinis, Jeffersons, Bernhards, or Rehans. I do not think we need go crying into corners because Sir Augustus Harris has expended his ingenuity on a representation of the Grand National, or has asked his scenic artist to place upon the stage that marvellously real picture of the courtyard of the Grand Hotel at Paris. The English are a "horsey" nation—they like sport. The racecourse is to the majority a passion, and I do not see that the gallery boy or the pittance or the swell in the stalls will be very much worse for seeing Mr. Leonard Boyne winning a steeplechase on Voluptuary. The scene amuses and it excites.

The drama may be a little involved, and not so clear as might have been expected from such experienced workmen as Pettitt and Harris, but it contains scenes that should not be despised by the lovers of clever, bold, and emotional acting. Even those who superciliously sneer at the racecourse and the welsher who gets a ducking may pause and justly praise the scene between Mr. Leonard Boyne and Mr. Arthur Williams, illustrating the repentance of a tempted stable-lad; that between Miss Millward and Mr. Julius Knight, where a heartbroken and distracted woman appeals for justice from her shifty and vacillating lover; or that pretty picture of the return of the repentant woman to her old father's home, that was realised so admirably by Miss Millward and Mr. Henry Neville. And then there is an admirable performance of a perfectly new and airy villain by Mr. James Fernandez. No, it is not true to say that the horses are the only actors. There is very much to interest in "The Prodigal Daughter" apart from the splendid and stirring race for the Grand National.

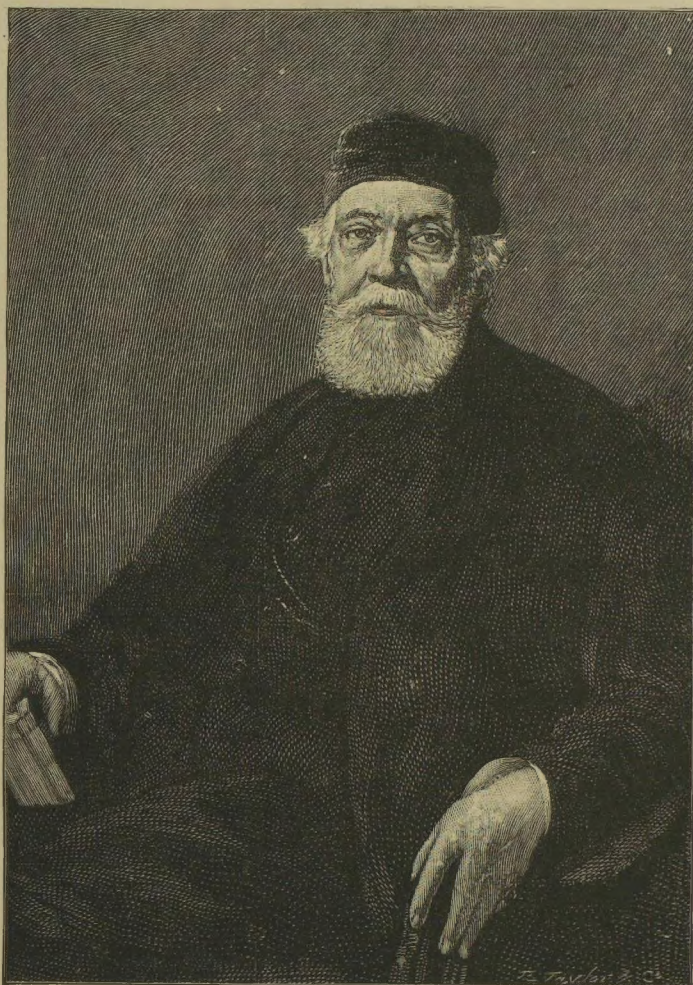
But, after all, is it true that public taste is in such a deplorable condition, when the excellent acting in "Our Boys" is so soon recognised at the Vaudeville? We must judge a play by its object, and not always judge it by too high a standard. Mr. Byron's evident object in this play was to amuse—and honestly amuse—the lower middle classes. They recognised his characters and applauded his humour. Surely an author deserves well of his countrymen who can draw laughter and tears over the homely little tale. Surely we can all be proud of such lifelike performances as the old buttermilk of Mr. David James and the smudge-faced "slavey" of Miss Richards. Dickens could not have given us more exact pictures of a certain phase of English life. The play is honest and wholesome, the acting is first class. Moral: the play and the acting give infinite pleasure. What is the good of howling and telling the people what they ought to like? "Be hanged to you," they seem to say; "me and the missus likes to laugh and cry over 'Our Boys'; so bravo, Dary!"

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

A deputation of twenty members which has been sent by the Independent party in the Hungarian Parliament to congratulate M. Kossuth upon his ninetieth birthday waited upon the aged patriot on Sept. 19 at his home in Turin, and he received them in a very friendly manner. The deputation, which presented an address signed by nearly 15,000 persons, also brought with it a considerable sum of money, the proceeds of the subscriptions to the Kossuth Memorial Fund. The Syndic of Turin presented Kossuth with a basket of flowers, and conveyed to him the good wishes of the citizens. Kossuth also has received congratulatory telegrams from all parts of the world.

The incident recalls the fact that nearly forty-one years have passed away since, on Oct. 28, 1851, the political leader of the Magyar nation, in their struggle during 1848 and 1849 to maintain the ancient constitutional laws of the kingdom of Hungary, landed at Southampton, and came to London, greeted with such acclamations as had never been raised before in England on behalf of any foreign champion of freedom. This was partly due to recent acts of our own Government, especially of the Foreign Minister, Lord Palmerston, who, when the defeated Hungarian leaders fled into Turkey, had exerted British influence to prohibit the Sultan from yielding to Austrian and Russian demands for their surrender to imperial vengeance, and had, in August 1851, procured their final liberation. In Kossuth's eloquent public



LOUIS KOSSUTH, THE HUNGARIAN PATRIOT, AGED 90.

speeches here—marvellous exhibitions of a singular mastery of the English language obtained merely by literary study—there was an elevation of sentiment, a statesmanlike yet philosophical breadth of view, an argumentative force, sometimes a tone of prophetic inspiration, seldom surpassed. Turin has been his home these thirty years past; science and literature his peaceful employments.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE ALMA.

There are many in England who remember the news of the first battle in the Crimea, the victory of the allied British and French army over the Russians on the banks of the Alma, on Sept. 20, 1854, arousing a sentiment of triumphant gladness. Military renown is justly esteemed a rightful possession of the gallant troops engaged in such memorable combats; and the keeping of the anniversary of the Alma, by decorating with laurel the colour carried by the Queen's Guard at St. James's Palace, is gratifying to soldiers of the Household Brigade, whose predecessors did their duty nobly in the Russian War.

INCORPORATION OF SOUTHEND.

The town of Southend-on-Sea, which stands on the Essex shore, opposite the Medway, forty miles from London, has long been esteemed an agreeable and salubrious place of resort. It has now 13,000 residents, and is growing rapidly; the Local Board, which has managed its affairs during a quarter of a century past, has made great improvements, including the fine pier, a mile and a quarter long, erected at a cost of £70,000. But the time has come for Southend to attain the rank of a municipal borough, with a Mayor, Aldermen, and Town Council; this act has been accomplished by a royal charter, which was brought down from London and received with public festivities on Monday, Sept. 19. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and Sheriffs of London, in full official state, also the Chairman of

the Essex County Council, the Mayors of Colchester, Maldon, and other Essex towns, and the chairmen of several Local Boards, were present on this occasion. Their host was Mr. C. A. Tabor, provisional Mayor of Southend, assisted by the acting Town Clerk, Mr. W. Gregson, and by Mr. J. H. Barrows, chairman of the reception committee. A procession escorted the visitors about the town. A luncheon was given at the Pavilion, where speeches were made. In the evening there was a display of fireworks on the cliff.

THE CHOLERA AT HAMBURG.

There is some ground for belief that the terrible epidemic in the great commercial city of Hamburg is now abating, yet the number of fresh cases during the four weeks preceding Sept. 17 amounted to 15,663, of which 6764 resulted in deaths. The contamination of drinking-water seems to have been the chief means of spreading the disease. Our Artist, Mr. Schöenberg, in his brief stay at Hamburg, witnessed, in a shop where he called to make some purchase, the scene that he has sketched—a little girl drinking freely of water, the purity of which might be doubted. A few hours later he was told that this child was dead.

STATUE OF BURNS AT ABERDEEN.

The bronze statue of Robert Burns which was unveiled by Professor Masson on Sept. 15, in Union Terrace, Aberdeen, stands 10 ft. 8 in. high; the sculptor is Mr. Bain Smith. It is a good figure, in Scottish old-fashioned rustic dress, with a plaid; the poet holds a daisy in his left hand, his hat in the other. Professor Masson's address was worthy of the subject, a genial, sympathetic, scholarly criticism. Lord Provost Stewart, for the city of Aberdeen, accepted the gift of the statue.

DR. FLINDERS PETRIE'S ANTIQUITIES FROM TEL EL AMARNA.

Dr. Flinders Petrie's last excavations in Egypt have resulted in finding an entirely new *couché* of antiquities. It has long been known that Khuenaten had introduced at least one new feature into the worship of the Egyptians. This was the worship of the Aten, or solar disc; which was represented only in his time with rays coming down, each terminating in a hand, to represent the divine power that produces all things for the good of man. Last season Dr. Flinders Petrie explored the "City of Khuenaten," a new city which this Pharaoh built for himself, now known as Tel el Amarna. The strange and interesting results of the explorations show that Khuenaten had introduced many novelties into Egypt in addition to that of a new religion. Among these, it is found that he had brought in a new style of art, not only in sculpture, but in painting and decorative art as well. The objects found at Tel el Amarna, and now exhibited at the Oxford Mansions, have a special claim to attraction on this account. To anyone acquainted with the rigid rules and formality of Egyptian art, it would be the last thing to expect that those rules had ever been tampered with; but there can be no doubt on this matter after inspecting the ample evidences which Dr. Flinders Petrie has had the good fortune to come upon. The sketches given here have been made with special reference to this point. One is a fragment of sculpture, being part of a statue of Nefert-iti, the queen of Khuenaten, but it is sufficient to show the difference from the usual Egyptian style. Another illustration is a copy of a wall-painting from the palace, with a bull among sedges and the papyrus plant, while a frightened bird is flying away. Here, it will be seen, there is an effort at nature and picturesqueness, which is entirely foreign to Egyptian painting. A rough, unfinished bit of sculpture shows a horse's head, with a touch about it as if it had been done from nature and all the conventional rules had been thrown to the winds. Curiously enough, on the other side of this fragment there is a sculptured profile of Khuenaten, done after the Egyptian manner. This may be contrasted with the other representation of him, copied from the cast that was made after he died for the use of the sculptors who were making his sarcophagus. Here, in one case, we have a portrait of the man that may be relied upon as if it were a photograph; and all the representations of this Pharaoh agree more or less in giving him a remarkable length of chin. In one of the cases there is a fragment of a painting, and on the part that remains are the two young daughters of Khuenaten. The youngest one on the left is Makt-Aten, and the other is Merit-Aten; the latter is "chucking" her younger sister under the chin with her hand, by way of chiding her, or in play. Here, again, the painting is not in the usual flat Egyptian style; an effort has been made to produce the effect of roundness to the limbs by means of shading, and with touches on the high lights of a brighter colour. This fragment of painting ought to have a special interest in relation to the question of the durability of water-colours, for it belongs to that class of art. 1400 B.C. is the date given to it by Dr. Flinders Petrie, that is over 3000 years ago, and most of the colours appear as sound as when first laid on: the touches with the brush are yet clear and distinct. The question as to how this new style of art reached the Nile Valley will, no doubt, attract the consideration of Egyptologists. Dr. Flinders Petrie thinks it was entirely due to the personality of Khuenaten himself; for the art, as well as the worship of the solar disc, was all swept away by the Pharaohs that followed him. It is only in the mounds of the city that he founded that the remains of this non-Egyptian art have been met with.

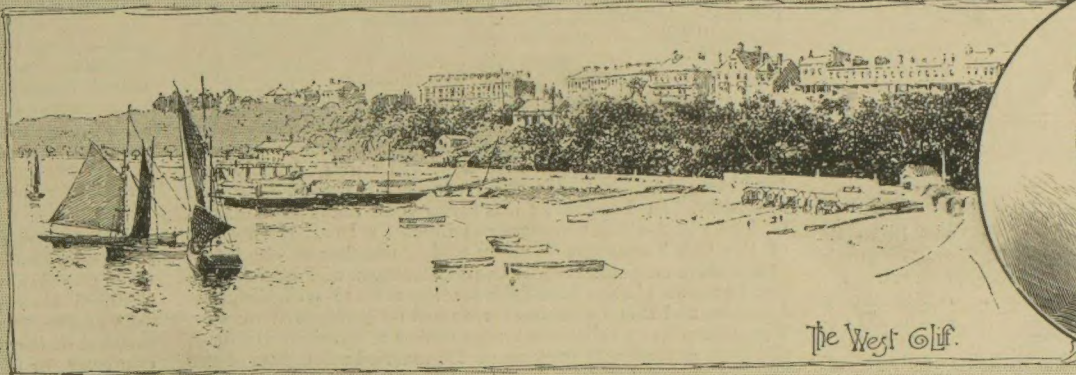
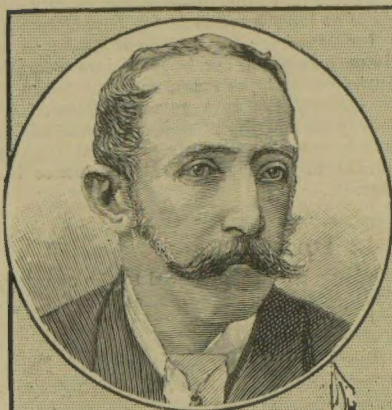


THE CHOLERA AT HAMBURG: "THERE IS DEATH IN THE CUP."

AN INCIDENT IN THE EXPERIENCE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. SCHÖNBERG.

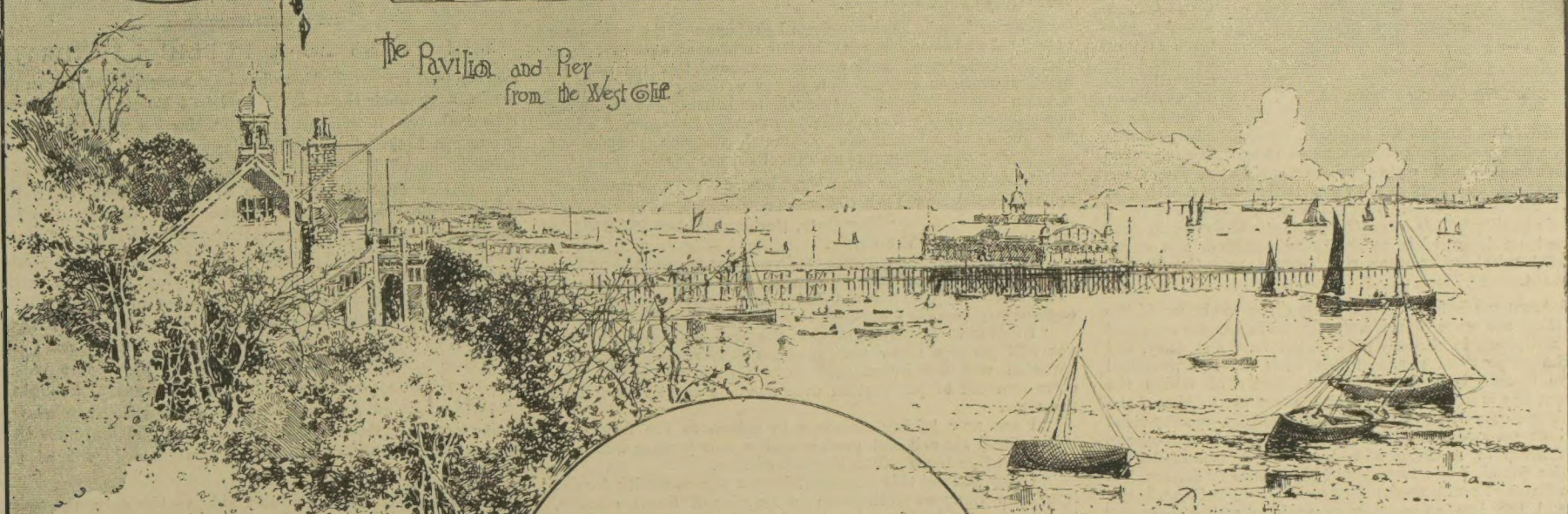
MR. C. A. TABOR, PROVISIONAL MAYOR.

MR. W. GREGSON, ACTING TOWN CLERK.

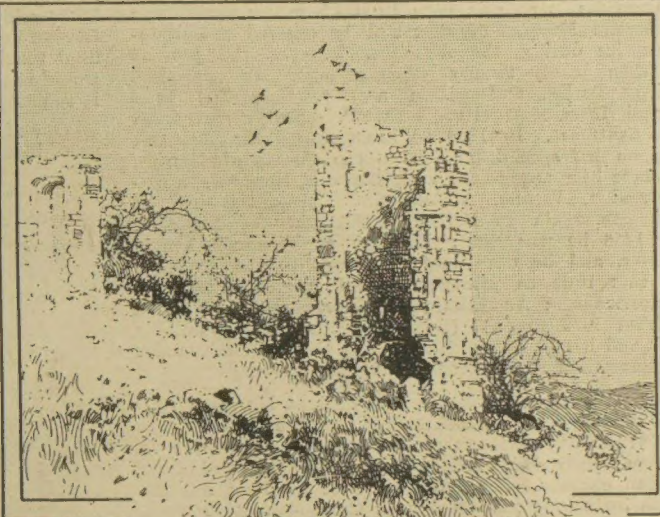


The West Cliff.

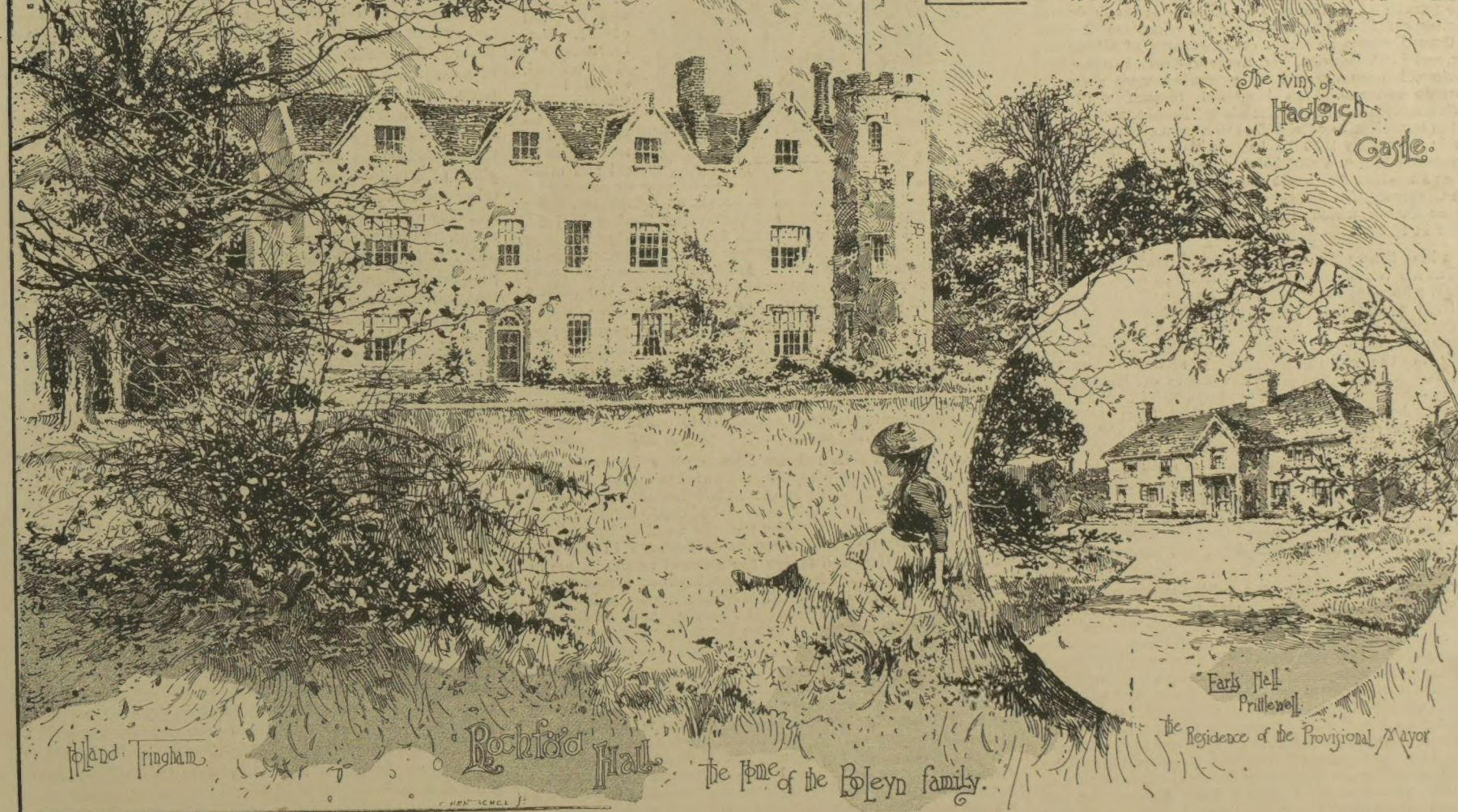
The Pavilion and Pier
from the West Cliff



Southend Minstrels



The Ruins of
Hadleigh
Castle.



Holland Tringham

Rockford Hall

The Home of the Boleyn family

Farls Hall
Prullenwell

The Residence of the Provisional Mayor

PERSONAL.

A Lifeguardsman who became a Cardinal, and the second Englishman on the roll of the Archpriests of the Basilica of St. Peter's, is a sufficiently striking figure in contemporary history. It is said that as a young man the late Cardinal Howard rode at the head of the military procession at the Duke of Wellington's funeral. He left the Army soon afterwards for the service of Pius IX., to whose personal regard he owed his conspicuous advancement. A member of



THE LATE CARDINAL HOWARD.

one of the oldest families in England, Cardinal Howard was, perhaps, never much more than a name to the majority even of English Catholics. He virtually became an Italian priest, and the honours showered upon him are little except a string of titles to his countrymen. But he was distinguished for a diplomatic quality which has often stood the Holy See in good stead, and he laboured unceasingly to establish the somewhat fitful relations between the Vatican and the British Government.

Lord Augustus Loftus, who has just given to the world the first half of the store of entertaining reminiscences collected during a diplomatic career which lasted half a century, and gave him a personal acquaintance with all the principal European Courts, is a member of a family of which the Marquis of Ely is the head, and which, since the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Rev. Adam Loftus accompanied the Earl of Sussex to Ireland as his private chaplain, and where, as Archbishop of Armagh and Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, he founded the fortunes of the house of Loftus, has given to England many sons distinguished in the Church, the Army, and the law, as well as in politics and diplomacy. Lord Augustus, who was born in 1817, is the fourth son of the second Marquis of Ely, and he entered the diplomatic service during the first few days of the present reign, when barely twenty years of age. He was first Attaché at Berlin, and within a few years had been transferred from that city to St. Petersburg, and from there to Stuttgart. In 1848 he accompanied Sir Stratford Canning on his special mission to the Courts of Europe, which made him acquainted with Brussels, Hanover, Brunswick, Dresden, Vienna, Athens, and Constantinople. In 1853 he was again at Berlin as Secretary of Legation, and in 1858 he was made Minister at Vienna. A few years later, and he once more returned to the Prussian capital, this time as Minister. Lord Augustus had six years' experience of Australia, being Governor of New South Wales from 1879 to 1885 (where he was not particularly popular), and his last appointment was that of Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg.

Mr. Edward Vansittart Neale, who died at his town residence, Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, on Sept. 16, was born in 1810 at Taplow Rectory. He was descended from an old German family which settled in England at the end of the seventeenth century. For many years of his long life Mr. Neale was intimately connected with the co-operative movement, the growth of which in this country is much due to his fostering care. After completing his education at Oriel College, Oxford, where he was a contemporary of Gladstone, Manning, and F. D. Maurice, Mr. Neale was called to the Bar, but his time, his money, and his sympathy were given to philanthropic schemes. He identified himself with the co-operative movements of the Rochdale Pioneers, and worked hard in the organisation of the first Congress of Co-operative Societies in 1869. In 1873 he became General Secretary of the Co-operative Union, a post he only resigned last year. As recently as June last, Mr. Neale was able to take part in the Rochdale Congress. He was the owner of the historic Bisham Abbey, near Marlow, which estate he inherited on the death of his nephew in 1885.

After a long illness Mr. W. Wentworth Fitzwilliam Hume-Dick died at his residence in Curzon Street on Sept. 16. Mr. Hume-Dick, who would have attained the age of eighty-seven had he lived a few weeks longer, was descended from an ancient Scottish house, an ancestor of his having been no less a personage than the historic "Captain of Tantallon," who early in the eighteenth century settled in county Wicklow, and acquired the beautiful estate of Humewood. Mr. Hume-Dick was extremely popular in Wicklow, which county he represented in Parliament from 1852 till 1880, and had the reputation of being an excellent and liberal landlord. He assumed the additional surname of Dick in 1864, on inheriting a large fortune, and is supposed to have been one of the wealthiest men in Ireland. He leaves but one daughter, Mrs. Long, the widow of the late Mr. R. P. Long, of Rood Ashton, to whom she was married in 1853, and mother of Mr. Walter Long. It is understood that Mr. Quintin Hume-Dick, the deceased gentleman's nephew, will inherit a large fortune.

The vacant see of Fredericton will not cause another election on the lines of that which is taking the Rev. A. Hunter Dunn to Quebec. In 1881 the late Bishop was empowered by the Fredericton Synod to seek for a coadjutor-bishop who should enjoy the right of following him in occupation of the see. Bishop Medley chose the Rev. Hollingworth Tully Kingdon, then Vicar of Good Easter, Essex, who was consecrated in July 1881, in Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton. Bishop Kingdon is a Trinity (Cambridge) man, graduated in 1858, and was ordained by the Bishop of Oxford in the following year. After four years of curate life, Mr. Kingdon became Vice-Principal of Sarum Theological College. This he left, in 1869, for the curacy of St. Andrew's, Wells Street. He had only been a country vicar for three years when Bishop Medley invited him to Canada. Bishop Kingdon, who is a scholarly, thoughtful man, but an able organiser, has of late done the more trying work of the diocese.

No prelate of the Anglican Church is at present the subject of more comment than the Bishop of Worcester. Dr. Perowne's speech on Episcopacy at Grindelwald and his action in

"communicating" certain eminent Nonconformists there have drawn severe criticism from many quarters. But it seems to be forgotten that the Bishop's early life and training would dispose him to friendly relations with Protestant Nonconformity. The Bishop is the son of the late Rev. John Perowne, an Indian missionary of the C.M.S. He was born at Burdwan in March 1823. He and his two brothers all showed early in life the promise of the highest attainments, and that promise has been in each case fulfilled. All went to Cambridge, all graduated with many distinctions, all became college dons. One is now Bishop of Worcester; another is Master of Corpus, Cambridge; the third is Archdeacon of Norwich. Bishop Perowne has in his time filled many offices, and all with distinction. Younger Cambridge men will remember him as Hulsean Professor. In Wales they have not forgotten that he was a most successful Vice-Principal of Lampeter. In London he was for a time Lecturer at King's College and Assistant Preacher at Lincoln's Inn. He was one of the Old Testament Revisers and a member of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts. As Dean of Peterborough Dr. Perowne always had friendly intercourse with Nonconformists, and this he at once resumed on going to Worcester. The Bishop has published a large number of theological works, and is an exceedingly busy man. He married a daughter of the late Mr. Serjeant Woolrych.

Captain Brooke has been elected chairman of the committee appointed at Devonport with a view to presenting a gift from the naval officers of the Devonport command to Princess Marie of Edinburgh, on the occasion of her wedding with the Roumanian Crown Prince. A subscription is being got up among those officers of the Navy and Marines who have served under the Duke of Edinburgh's command, for the purpose of purchasing a wedding present for Princess Marie.

The following letter from Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, appears in the *New York Critic*—

"Max Gate, Dorchester, Aug. 26, 1892.

"To the Editors of the *Critic*.

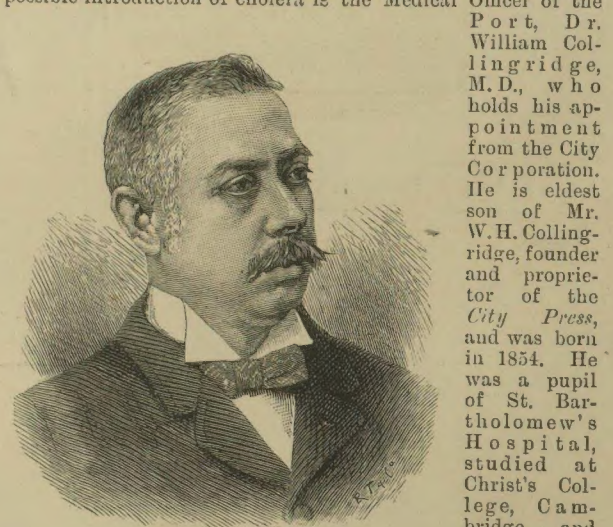
"A complaint has reached me from your pages to the effect that even in the revised and enlarged American edition of 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' I have thought fit to suppress the explanatory preface which appears in all the English editions.

"I find it to be quite true that the preface is omitted; but you will perhaps allow me to assure your readers that such omission was not intentional on my part, but arose from circumstances of publication over which I had no control at the time.

"I am now taking measures to attach to the American edition both the original preface and a new preface which is in preparation for the fifth English edition.

"I may add in this connection that the necessity for (at least) simultaneous publication in America of English books, to secure copyright, renders it almost impossible that the latest addenda of an author should be incorporated in the foreign imprint. Could even a fortnight's grace be allowed, final touches, given just before going to press on this side, would not be excluded from American copies as they now are in so many cases.—Yours faithfully, "THOMAS HARDY."

One of the active sanitary defenders of London against a possible introduction of cholera is the Medical Officer of the Port, Dr. William Collingridge, M.D., who holds his appointment from the City Corporation. He is eldest son of Mr. W. H. Collingridge, founder and proprietor of the *City Press*, and was born in 1854. He was a pupil of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, studied at Christ's College, Cambridge, and took his medical and other degrees in that University. He went out to Serbia, as a volunteer army surgeon, during the war between Serbia and Turkey in 1876, and organised a military hospital. Dr. Collingridge has long been a member of English Volunteer corps, was some time in the field battery of the Hon. Artillery Company, and was Surgeon-Major of an experimental company of the Militia Medical Staff Corps at Aldershot in training this year.



DR. WILLIAM COLLINGRIDGE.

Sir Walter Scott died at Abbotsford sixty years ago on Sept. 21.

Professor Virchow's friends have been celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first election to the Prussian Parliament, in which he has ever since represented the Third Berlin constituency. They are about to collect a Virchow Fund in honour of the occasion.

Who that has followed the French plays for years past cannot recall the little rotund figure, twinkling eyes, and soft, unctuous voice of Daubray of the Palais Royal? He was the fattest, the sleekest, the best tempered of comic actors, and he always seemed to filter his voice through a roll of butter. He was seen at his best as the amenable husband in Sardou's "Divorçons." Who will forget the scene of reconciliation in the *cabinet particulier* of a restaurant between Daubray and Céline Chaumont? But we shall never laugh more at Daubray, the comedian. His voice is silent for ever. And disaster did not end here; for when his sister heard by telegram of her favourite brother's death, she dropped down dead from heart disease.

M. Haffkine, the Russian biologist, who claims to have discovered a cholera-bacilli vaccine, has been for three years one of M. Pasteur's most zealous disciples and a shining light in the laboratory of the Rue Dutot. Belonging to a well-known medical family of Moscow, M. Haffkine always took a special interest in cholera, and long before he came to Paris made it the aim of his life to discover a remedial agent for a plague which may be said to be more or less indigenous to Russian soil. Keeping this object in view, he joined M. Pasteur, and when not occupied with his special subject proved himself to be of great use in the institute, and was one of those to whom is entrusted the task of preparing the patients who come from all parts of the world in order to be inoculated by M. Pasteur in the hope of being saved from the ultimate effects of bites from rabid dogs, cats, and wolves. After

making numberless experiments, both alone and with the help of his fellow-students, M. Haffkine at last came to the conclusion that he had made the discovery he sought. Without losing a moment, he applied for permission to the Russian Government to come and practise at home among the cholera patients. He has at length received the authorisation, and will shortly start for Moscow; but his great desire is to try a series of experiments in Siam, for he considers that the disease should be taken in hand at the start, and not when it is nearing its finish. M. Haffkine is a young-looking, fair-haired man, just thirty years of age, and calls himself a biologist, and has never cared to take a medical degree. M. Pasteur considers him his prize pupil, and watches his progress with keen interest.

OUR PORTRAITS.

For the portraits in this issue we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Lombardi, Pall Mall East, for that of Dr. Collingridge; to Messrs. Barrand, Oxford Street, for that of the late Cardinal Howard; to Messrs. Debenham, Regent Street, for that of the Mayor of Southend; to Messrs. Brann, of Paris, for that of the Town Clerk; and to the Berlin Photographic Company for that of Louis Kossuth.

THE PRESS AS A PUBLIC LAUNDRY.

For the past few weeks there has been a correspondence in the *Daily News* under the title "Why Don't Young Men Marry?" Who could read it without tears! "Married and Miserable" is one pathetic signature; "Unsuited" is another; "A Tried Woman" is a third. Nor does the pathos lie only in the list of failures. "On View, previous to Sale," is the cynical subscription to the letter of one who has found no suitors, who cannot be said to be a failure, since she has had no opportunity of trying. One young man, debarred by poverty from entering upon the great experiment, favours us with information of a particularly intimate and personal character. "From sitting all day," he cries in agony, "I find my clothes wearing out; my boots also are going." His salary leaves him but a paltry eighteenpence after he has paid for his board and lodging. "Out of my 1s. 6d. I cannot afford to get a little extra when I go anywhere." He is in love with a noble girl, and he is wise enough to perceive that for him marriage is out of the question.

There is, of course, a brighter side to the correspondence. There is the usual economist, who seems to have married on a few odd coppers, taken a house in Park Lane, and saved money. There is the ecstatic person, who is glad of this opportunity to take his ecstasy out for air and exercise. But, on the whole, the correspondence has been one long wail, slightly flavoured with a dash of mixed theories.

Why does not the young man marry? In some instances it may be due to poverty, as in the case of that correspondent whose boots also were going. Another theorist asserts that the young man of to-day loves his independence too well; he that is married has already given one hostage to fortune, and may give more. A third would have us (the task is cruelly hard) believe that the young girl of the period is not all that she might be: that she is fast and frivolous; that the young man is consequently afraid of her. If another reason were needed why young men do not marry, it might possibly be found in the fact that the young women refuse the young men. But in the midst of inquiry there starts up the statistical correspondent, a man of much severity and arithmetic: the young men of to-day, he tells us, marry quite as much as they used to do.

Let us sit humbly at the feet of this great correspondence and extract its moral. Certain seasons of the year are said to be dull; September is reputed to be peculiarly dull. Editors of newspapers are crying like children because there is no news. Yet, let the garrulous have their own way and your newspaper will be filled to its utmost limits. Without money or any form of repayment, they are willing to favour you with their opinions on the miracles at Lourdes, the mechanical piano of the London streets, the temperance question, or any other question under the face of the sun. Only let them talk and they are happy. And this may, perhaps, suggest another moral. There is a beautiful art which now, unfortunately, seems to be entirely lost: it is the art of silence. It is not particularly dignified to write to the papers in order to lament that you "cannot afford to get a little extra" when you "go anywhere"; it seems to suppose that the public is taking an interest in you personally, and the public in all probability is doing nothing of the kind. But it is worse than undignified to throw your married troubles or your married joys into the columns of a large circulation. It is dishonourable. In a man it is not manly, and in a woman it is not decent. The other day "A Blighted Life" wrote from the Pimlico neighbourhood to the *Daily Telegraph* to state that, from his own experience of marriage, the English wife "is a most obstinate, vain, and selfish creature, and possesses a heart like soft soap." One is sorry, of course, that things are not going more happily in the Pimlico neighbourhood; but the man has only himself to blame. Why did he not, before marriage, ask his wife in so many words whether her heart was or was not like soft soap? He should have been perfectly frank, and explained to her that it all turned on that. If, after marriage, your wife's heart turns out to be like soft soap, or bath-brick, or any other domestic article, it is really just as well to say nothing about it. No good end is served by writing your silly complaint in the daily paper. If your wife sees it, and recognises your literary style, it is possible that it may cause additional unpleasantness. One is not surprised at all to read complaints from certain young ladies that the young men will not marry them; for the young ladies who could bring themselves to advertise their virginal sorrows in this way are just the kind of young lady that neither the young man, nor the old man, nor any other sort of man would marry upon any consideration whatever. It seems a part of the irony of fate that those who talk most generally select the subjects about which they should never talk at all.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, Sept. 18, by the Rev. Colin Campbell, D.D., minister of the parish of Dundee, in the presence of the Queen, the royal family, and the royal household. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur, attended the service from Abergeldie.

Divine service was held in the Duke of Fife's private chapel at Mar Lodge, Braemar, on Sept. 18. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife were present. Afterwards the Prince of Wales went to Invercauld to visit Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick.

The Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Alix of Hesse are staying at Balmoral on a visit to the Queen.

The Duke of York has been staying at Mainz with Professor Ihne, who, long since, was his tutor at Heidelberg. His Royal Highness, who is devoting himself to the camera, returned to Heidelberg with the Professor on Sept. 24.

Mr. Morley has begun his work in Ireland by revoking all the proclamations under the Coercion Act. The Liberal Chief Secretary proposes to govern Ireland solely by the aid of the ordinary law. His opponents condemn the experiment, and predict trouble in the winter, but Mr. Morley's action is, of course, consistent with the views of his party. There is no special disturbance in Ireland at present, but Mr. William O'Brien asserts that the landlords are beginning an eviction campaign for the purpose of creating disorder. He says that tenants are being evicted for old arrears which were not pressed during Mr. Balfour's administration. Mr. Morley is pressed to release not only the imprisoned dynamitards but convicts who are serving terms of penal servitude for manslaughter. The responsibilities of the new Chief Secretary are not enviable.

Mr. Asquith, the Home Secretary, is likely to divert before long some of the criticism now concentrated on his colleague at the Irish Office. It is stated that the Home Secretary means to restore the privilege of public meeting in Trafalgar Square, which has been in abeyance since 1887. This action will probably be defended on the ground that orderly gatherings may be held in the Square on Sunday without causing any material inconvenience to the general public; but it is quite certain that the Opposition will assail this reversal of Mr. Matthews's policy as a direct incitement to lawlessness in London. Topics for furious debate when Parliament meets are, indeed, accumulating rapidly.

Mr. Gladstone has been enjoying himself in Wales, and has given a great deal of harmless pleasure to his enthusiastic admirers. On his arrival at Barmouth the Premier at once delivered a speech full of chatty reminiscences extending back as far as the last war between England and France. He said his family had a Welsh maid-servant who believed that Sir Watkin Williams Wynn had sent "millions of men" to fight the French. With anecdote and with dexterous compliment Mr. Gladstone completely won the hearts of his auditors, and any resentment in Wales about the composition of the Ministry has faded away. Mr. Gladstone is a consummate campaigner even when he is taking a nominal holiday.

The pending by-election in South Leeds has been variegated by the appearance of an "Independent Labour" candidate, supported by a Social Democrat, Mr. H. H. Champion, whose electioneering expenditure in favour of "Independent Labour" is one of the financial mysteries of the time. Mr. Mahon's candidature for South Leeds began with a broken head and ended with disqualification. The local trades unions emphatically repudiated him, a number of Irish electors violently assaulted him, and, finally, at the nomination, the Mayor of Leeds disqualified him on account of some technical informality. What Mr. Mahon has gained by these adventures is not apparent, but the very name of "Independent Labour" is becoming a very stale jest.

This is the time of year when the electoral register is supposed to be carefully overhauled. Revising barristers hold their courts, and watch the entertaining spectacle of the rival electioneering agents whose business it is to put their friends on the register and keep their enemies off. Objections of the most frivolous kind are gravely discussed, without any perception that the whole machinery of registration is little better than a gross waste of the public time. The most elementary reform of this system must take it out of the hands of partisan agents altogether. Officials ought to be appointed to see that everybody has a vote who is entitled to it, and not to play practical jokes on the Constitution of the country.

The Bishop of Worcester has made a gallant attempt to rally Episcopalians to the theory of the Grindelwald Conference. In an interesting Alpine village a number of divines met to consider the practical expediency of reuniting the various elements of Christianity. The Bishop of Worcester rejoices in the *Times* over the circumstance that he administered the Sacrament at Grindelwald to Presbyterians, and is told by an indignant layman that he was guilty of "profanation." However, there seems to be some point in the suggestion that, to get Nonconformist orders recognised by the Church of England, the Bishop of Worcester would have to convert his Episcopal colleagues, and that this would lead to "a disruption of the Church."

Mr. Chamberlain delivered, at Birmingham, a very cogent speech in favour of the Early Closing Bill for shops. He pointed out the radical distinction between shortening the hours of shopmen and shortening the hours of working men. In the latter case, the effect of the change might be either reduction of wages or increase of prices. In the former there would be no such consequence, because the public would buy precisely the same amount of goods, though they would alter the time of their shopping. Mr. Chamberlain's view is denounced by the opponents of all interference with adult labour, but this opposition is exercising a rapidly diminishing influence on public opinion.

The Birkbeck Bank withstood the panic among its depositors, but the spread of alarm has brought one or two building societies to grief. It does not appear that they were conducted on unsound principles; but, most of their money being invested in securities, they were unable to raise a sufficient sum to meet sudden calls. There can be no doubt that the crisis has given a serious shock to the credit of building

societies in general, though it is difficult to see how institutions managed at a very small margin of profit can withstand a scare among a large body of depositors for infinitesimal amounts.

The prosecution of a number of persons, including a baronet, for alleged "literary frauds" has disclosed a curious ambition for distinction in letters. One of the witnesses was a warehouseman who had written a tragedy; another was a coal-merchant who sought a mine in Parnassus; a third was a waiter who wrote poems, which never saw the light, though he says he paid for their publication. A lady who was invited to contribute to a volume called "Poets of the Day" declares that she was asked to subscribe three guineas for the pleasure of seeing herself in print. This evidence shows that there is a large class of people in all walks of life who feel that they are "mute inglorious Miltons," and are eager to pay anybody who undertakes to shed publicity upon them.

The autumnal meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom was opened in the Town-hall, Newport, Mon., on Sept. 20. Sir Albert Rollit having delivered the presidential address, questions affecting building societies, commercial union with the Colonies, technical and commercial education, &c., were discussed.

The autumnal meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute commenced in Liverpool on Sept. 20, under the presidency of Sir Frederick Abel. The president having pointed out some of the leading subjects that would engage the attention of the members, Sir I. Lowthian Bell read a paper on "The Manufacture of Iron in its Relations to Agriculture."

Mr. E. Blake, M.P. for South Longford, on being presented at Toronto with an address by the local branch of the Irish National League, stated that the Home Rule which he believed Mr. Gladstone was prepared to grant was Local Government for the control of Irish affairs, with all possible guarantees for the rights of minorities.

The Dean of Canterbury presided at a meeting held in that city of representatives of various denominations, who discussed the question of union among Christians and among the Churches.

In a speech at Poitiers, on Sept. 16, the President of the French Republic dwelt on the need of political peace and of a sense of moral unity in the nation, so that its forces should

Congo Free State, under the rule of the Belgian Association, has sent a considerable armed force, commanded by M. Van den Kerkhove, marching by the Wellé River route, to occupy Wadelai, on the Upper White Nile, Emin Pasha's former seat of government, north of Lake Albert Nyanza. It will now be again remembered that, according to Emin Pasha's statement, not yet contradicted, Mr. H. M. Stanley, four years ago, offered him very handsome terms if he would hand over that province to the Congo Free State. On the other side, the disputed frontier question between the Congo Free State and the French Congo territory to the west is by no means settled; and there are rumours of a formidable native insurrection, fomented by the Arabs, in the Manyema region of the Upper Congo, above Stanley Falls.

The Portuguese colonies on the Mozambique coast, and at Delagoa Bay, are threatened with a stoppage of their inland commerce by the powerful native chief Gungunhana, who has given notice of the exclusion of Indian and Arab traders, the intermediate agents of the traffic on that coast.

The civil war in the Spanish American Republic of Venezuela seems to be drawing near its termination. General Crespo, with 15,000 men, was marching on Caracas on Sept. 10, and was likely to be received in that city without resistance. At La Guayra, a week or two before, one of the commanders of armed factions arrested all the European merchants, and demanded money from them. He seemed even about to imprison the Consuls, but they stood firm, until the arrival of orders from a superior "general" obliged him to desist.

The twenty-second anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome, after the withdrawal of the French garrison in 1870, was celebrated on Sept. 20 as a civic and national festival. A wreath was laid on the tomb of King Victor Emmanuel in the Pantheon. King Humbert telegraphed a message expressing his sentiments on the deliverance of Rome and the completion of Italian unity. At Pisa, on the same day, another statue of King Victor Emmanuel was unveiled by the Prince of Naples; and at Venice, a statue of Fra Paolo Sarpi, the learned and liberal monk who, in the seventeenth century, defended ecclesiastical liberties, as well as those of the Venetian Republic, and wrote the history of the Council of Trent. X.

In our issue of Sept. 3 the following passage occurred in the Foreign News: "The Marquis de Morès, son of the Duc de Vallombrosa, has been put on his trial for killing Captain Mayer, a Jewish officer of the army, in one of the duels planned for the persecution of the Jews. He and his seconds are acquitted, though the duel was 'unfairly fought, and one of the seconds had said, 'We must have a good Jewish corpse.''" The Marquis de Morès writes to us denying these statements about the duel, and we have much pleasure in publishing the rectification.

THE DUSKY PETREL.

The interior of a loaded fish van from the north is scarcely the place in which the most earnest ornithologist would be likely to search for rare birds. Yet last week the Midland porters at Sheffield had an extraordinary find in one which they opened in their ordinary routine duties, for they met with "what was to them an entirely strange bird," which "a local taxidermist said was a dusky petrel, extremely rare in these parts, and included in very few collections," but which a correspondent of the *Standard* declares to be a Manx shearwater. The true dusky petrel (*Puffinus obscurus*), also called the dusky shearwater, has a wide oceanic range in the Atlantic and the Pacific. It was formerly plentiful in the Bahamas, and the nearest spots to our own shores that it selects for breeding-places are the Canaries, Madeira, and, perhaps, the Azores. Specimens or skins brought from Mont-

serrat, New Zealand, and the Galapagos are preserved in collections in this country, and the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, has examples from Australia. The total length of the adult bird is about eleven inches, one of which is taken up by the bill. The top and sides of the head down to the eyes, the neck, back, upper tail-coverts, and upper surface of the tail-feathers are inky black, and the latter are lead-grey beneath; the under surface and under wing, and tail-coverts white. On the sides of the neck the feathers are slightly barred, which produces a darkish hue. The bill is black, the legs and toes bluish ash-colour, and the irides brown. These birds are never seen near their burrows in the daytime, for then they fly or feed, generally in large flocks, out of sight of land, and do not approach their breeding-places before dark. The nest consists of a few dry twigs, and is always placed in a hole, or under a projecting piece of rock, seldom more than a foot from the surface, and almost invariably within reach of one's hand. There is but a single egg, and the male bird shares with his mate the duty of incubation. In captivity the bird soon becomes tame, and will live on almost anything. Those captured in the Azores are taken with fishhooks baited with meat, or picked up from under stones, where they seek shelter from the light, for they are eminently nocturnal.

The first authenticated instance of the occurrence of this bird in the United Kingdom was in May 1853, when a specimen flew on board a small sloop off the island of Valentia, and was exhibited at a meeting of the Linnean Society a month later. A few years after a second specimen was found dead by a gamekeeper on the Earsham estate, about a mile from Bungay. This, which was set up by a birdstuffer in Norwich, was lost sight of for some time, but was rediscovered by Mr. Gurney at Earsham Hall, and was exhibited at a meeting of the Zoological Society in 1882. The bird taken in the van appears to be the third instance of the occurrence of this species with us. But it is quite possible that the dusky petrel is not quite so great a stranger as it appears to be, for its close ally, the Manx shearwater (*Puffinus Anglorum*), which breeds in the Faroes, is plentiful enough over the North Sea, and, as the two birds differ chiefly in point of size, the latter being the larger, it seems likely that some at least of what have been called "extremely small Manx shearwaters" (Stevenson: "Birds of Norfolk," III., 365) have really been dusky petrels, that have not been recognised from lack of knowledge. It is stated that Mr. Webster, the local naturalist, "intends to preserve the bird alive as long as he possibly can." In our opinion it would have a better chance in the gulls' pond at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.



THE DUSKY PETREL, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

not be dissipated in useless struggles, while they should be directed by attentive study to the reforms awaited by the working and the suffering classes, and to solve the complex problems of labour and charity. This was at a banquet of mayors. A wish was expressed that M. Carnot may be re-elected President. He also dined with officers of the 9th and 12th Army Corps after the grand review at Montmorillon.

A few cases of cholera in Paris and the suburbs are reported from day to day; but other epidemic maladies, typhoid fever, smallpox, and diphtheria, have greatly decreased. There were a dozen cholera patients at Rouen, and the same at Havre, at the end of the week. The deaths in St. Petersburg on Sept. 19 from cholera were only eleven.

The Prussian Diet or Parliament is to meet on Nov. 15, and the German Imperial Diet, the Reichstag, a fortnight later, when measures will be proposed for the extension of reduced tariffs, in return for similar concessions, to the foreign countries with which negotiations have been opened. The plans for a large addition to the German army—this addition is reckoned at 95,000 men—involving the expenditure, probably, of four millions sterling, are likely to be strongly opposed. The Finance Minister, Dr. Miquel, is supposed also to contemplate schemes of increased taxation, falling heavily on funded property, which are very objectionable to the middle classes. There is already a progressive income-tax, graduated on a sliding scale up to 4 per cent.

The ninetieth birthday of Kossuth, who is still living at Turin, was celebrated at Buda-Pest, the capital of Hungary, on Sept. 19, with a procession carrying flags of the Hungarian War of Independence in 1848 and 1849, bands playing national airs, and speeches and recitation of verses at a meeting in the Town Park. Telegrams of congratulation were sent to the aged patriot, who is a voluntary exile; he also received, in person, deputations with addresses at Turin.

Brigandage in Sicily continues to give trouble to the Italian Government; but on Sept. 14, at Pettineo, near Messina, four gendarmes had a fight with the "Maurina band," whose leader, named Rinaldi, was killed, the rest escaping, but losing their horses, arms, and ammunition. Nine bandits have been arrested at Catania. There is an outbreak of this species of crime also in Romagna, in Central Italy, where a merchant was recently attacked by masked robbers on the road. At Vicovaro, a well-known brigand had been arrested, but the people forced the Carabinieri to let him go.

The news from Central Africa is not reassuring, though it can only indirectly concern any British possessions. The



1. Copy of Wall-painting.

2. Makt-Aten and Merit-Aten, Daughters of Khuenaten. (From a painting.)

3. Fragment of Statue of Nefertiti, Queen of Khuenaten.

4. Khuenaten, profile portrait.

5. Rough Sculpture of Horse's Head. (On back of stone with profile of Khuenaten.)

6. Cast of Head of Khuenaten, taken after death.

DR. FLINDERS PETRIE'S EGYPTIAN EXCAVATIONS.



UNVEILING THE STATUE OF BURNS AT ABERDEEN.

Photo by Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.

GREVILLE FANE

BY
HENRY JAMES

CHAPTER II.

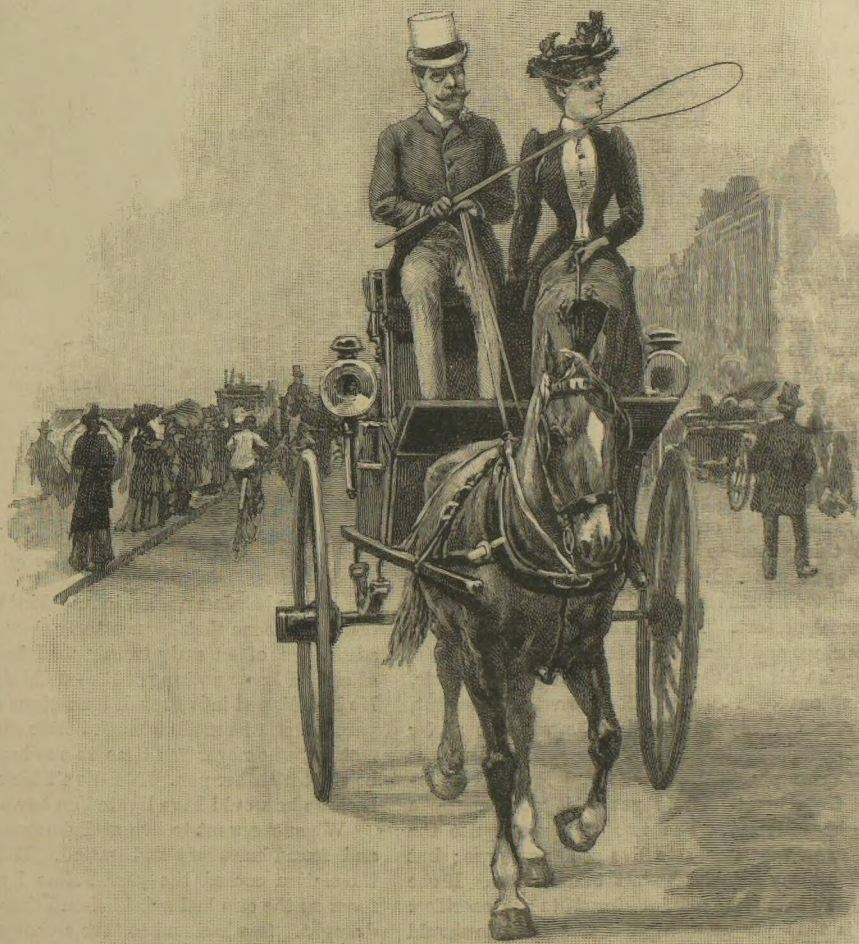
It would have been droll if it had not been so exemplary to see Greville Fane tracing the loves of the duchesses beside the innocent cribs of her children. The immoral and the maternal lived together, in her diligent days, on the most comfortable terms, and she stopped curling the moustaches of her Guardsmen to pat the heads of her babes. She was haunted by solemn spinsters, who came to tea from Continental pensions, and by unsophisticated Americans, who told her she was just loved in their country. "I had rather be just paid there," she usually replied; for this tribute of Transatlantic opinion was the only thing that galled her. The Americans went away thinking her coarse; though, as the author of so many beautiful love-stories, she was disappointing to most of these pilgrims, who had not expected to find a shy, stout, ruddy lady in a cap like a crumbled pyramid. She wrote about the affections and the impossibility of controlling them, but she talked of the price of *pension* and the convenience of an English chemist. She devoted much thought and many thousands of francs to the education of her daughter, who spent three years at a very superior school at Dresden, receiving wonderful instruction in sciences, arts, and tongues, and who, taking a different line from Leolin, was to be brought up wholly as a *femme du monde*. The girl was musical and philological; she made a specialty of languages and learned enough about them to be inspired with a great contempt for her mother's artless accents. Greville Fane's French and Italian were droll; the imitative faculty had been denied her, and she had an unequalled gift, especially pen in hand, of squeezing big mistakes into small opportunities. She knew it, but she didn't care; correctness was the virtue in the world that, like her heroes and heroines, she valued least. Ethel, who had perceived in her pages some remarkable lapses, undertook at one time to revise her proofs; but I remember her telling me, a year after the girl had left school, that this function had been very briefly exercised. "She can't read me," said Mrs. Stormer; "I offend her taste. She tells me that at Dresden—at school—I was never allowed." The good lady seemed surprised at this, having the best conscience in the world about her lucubrations. She had never meant to fly in the face of anything, and considered that she grovelled before the Rhadamanthus of the English literary tribunal, the celebrated and awful Young Person. I assured her, as a joke, that she was frightfully indecent (she hadn't, in fact, that reality any more than any other), my purpose being solely to prevent her from guessing that her daughter had dropped her, not because she was immoral, but because she was vulgar. I used to figure her children as closeted together and asking each other, while they exchanged a gaze of dismay: "Why should she be so—and so fearfully so—when she has the advantage of our society? Shouldn't we have taught her better?" Then I imagined their recognising with a blush and a shrug that she was unteachable, irreformable. Indeed she was, poor lady; but it is never fair to read by the light of taste things that were not written by it. Greville Fane had, in the topsy-turvy, a serene good faith that ought to have been safe from allusion, like a stutter or a *faux pas*.

She didn't make her son ashamed of the profession to which he was destined, however: she only made him ashamed of the way she herself exercised it. But he bore his humiliation much better than his sister, for he was ready to take for granted that he should one day restore the balance. He was a canny and far-seeing youth, with appetites and aspirations, and he had not a scruple in his composition. His mother's theory of the happy knack he could pick up deprived him of the wholesome discipline required to prevent some young idlers from becoming cads. He had, abroad, a casual tutor and a snatch or two of a Swiss school, but no consecutive study, no prospect of a university or a degree. It may be imagined with what zeal, as the years went on, he entered into the pleasantry of there

being no manual so important to him as the massive book of life. It was an expensive volume to peruse, but Mrs. Stormer was willing to lay out a sum in what she would have called her *premiers frais*. Ethel disapproved—she thought this education far too unconventional for an English gentleman. Her voice was for Eton and Oxford, or for any public school (she would have resigned herself), with the army to follow. But Leolin never was afraid of his sister, and they visibly disliked, though they sometimes agreed to assist, each other. They could combine to work the oracle—to keep their mother at her desk.

When she came back to England, telling me she had got all the Continent could give her, Leolin was a broad-shouldered, red-faced young man, with an immense wardrobe and an extraordinary assurance of manner. She was fondly obstinate about her having taken the right course with him, and proud of all that he knew and had seen. He was now quite ready to begin, and a little while later she told me he *had* begun. He had written something tremendously clever, and it was coming out in the *Cheapside*. I believe it came out; I had no time to look for it; I never heard anything about it. I took for granted that if this contribution had passed through his mother's hands it had practically become a specimen of her own genius, and it was interesting to consider Mrs. Stormer's future in the light of her having to write her son's novels as well as her own. This was not the way she looked at it herself; she took the charming ground that he would help her to write hers. She used to tell me that he supplied passages of the

greatest value to her own work—all sorts of technical things, about hunting and yachting and wine—that she couldn't be expected to get very straight. It was all so much practice for him and so much alleviation for her. I was unable to identify these pages, for I had long since ceased to "keep up" with Greville Fane; but I was quite able to believe that the wine question had been put, by Leolin's good offices, on a better footing, for the dear lady used to mix her drinks (she was perpetually serving the most splendid suppers) in the queerest fashion. I could see that he was willing enough to accept a commission to look after that department. It occurred to me, indeed, when Mrs. Stormer settled in England again, that by making a shrewd use of both her children she might be able to rejuvenate her style. Ethel had come back to gratify her young ambition, and if she couldn't take her mother into society she would at least go into it herself. Silently, stiffly,



The novel that Leolin was engaged in at Brighton was never published, but a friend of mine and of Mrs. Stormer's, who was staying there, happened to mention to me later that he had seen the young apprentice to romance driving, in a dogcart, a young lady with a very pink face.

almost grimly, this young lady held up her head, clenched her long teeth, squared her lean elbows, and made her way up the staircases she had marked out. The only communication she ever made to me, the only effusion of confidence with which she ever honoured me, was when she said, "I don't want to know the people mamma knows; I mean to know others." I took due note of the remark, for I was not one of the "others." I couldn't trace, therefore, the steps of her process; I could only admire it at a distance and congratulate her mother on the results. The results were that Ethel went to "big" parties, and got people to take her. Some of them were people she had met abroad, and others were people whom the people she had met abroad had met. They ministered alike to Miss Ethel's convenience, and I wondered how she extracted so many favours without the expenditure of a smile. Her smile was the dimmest thing in the world, diluted lemonade, and she had arrived precociously at social wisdom, recognising that if she was neither pretty enough, nor rich enough, nor clever enough, she could at least, in her vigorous youth, be rude enough. Therefore, if she was able to tell her mother what really took place in the mansions of the great, give her notes to work from, the quill could be driven at home to better purpose, and precisely at a moment when it would have to be more active than ever. But if she did tell, it would appear that poor Mrs. Stormer didn't believe. As regards many points, this was not a wonder; at any rate, I heard nothing of Greville Fane's having developed a new manner. She had only one manner from start to finish, as Leolin would have said.

She was tired at last, but she mentioned to me that she couldn't afford to pause. She continued to speak of Leolin's work as the great hope of their future (she had saved no money), though the young man wore, to my sense, an aspect more and more professional, if you like, but less and less literary. At the end of a couple of years there was something monstrous in the impudence with which he played his part in this comedy. When I wondered how she could play her part, I had to perceive that her good faith was complete, and that what kept it so was simply her extravagant fondness. She loved the young impostor with a simple, blind, benighted love, and of all the heroes of romance who had passed before her eyes he was by far the most brilliant. He was, at any rate, the most real—she could touch him, pay for him, suffer for him, worship him. He made her think of her princes and dukes, and when she wished to fix these figures in her mind's eye she thought of her boy. She had often told me she was carried away by her own creations, and she was certainly carried away by Leolin. He vivified, by potentialities at least, the whole question of youth and passion. She held, not unjustly, that the sincere novelist should feel the whole flood of life; she acknowledged, with regret, that she had not had time to feel it herself, and it was a joy to her that the deficiency might be supplied by the sight of the way it was rushing through this magnificent young man. She exhorted him, I suppose, to let it rush; she wrung her own flaccid little sponge into the torrent. I knew not what passed between them in her hours of tuition, but I gathered that she mainly impressed on him that the great thing was to live, because that gave you material. He asked nothing better; he collected material, and the formula served as a universal pretext. You had only to look at him to see that, with his rings and breastpins, his cross-barred jackets, his early embonpoint, his eyes that looked like imitation jewels, his various indications of a dense, full-blown temperament, his idea of life was singularly vulgar; but he was not so far wrong as that his response to his mother's expectations was not in a high degree practical. If she had imposed a profession on him from his tenderest years, it was exactly a profession that he followed. The two were not quite the same, inasmuch as his was simply to live at her expense; but at least she couldn't say that he hadn't taken a line. If she insisted on believing in him he offered himself to the sacrifice. My impression is that her secret dream was that he should have a flirtation with a countess, and he persuaded her without difficulty that he had one. I don't know what countesses are capable of, but I have a clear notion of what Leolin was.

He didn't persuade his sister, who despised him—she wished to work her mother in her own way, and I asked myself why the girl's judgment of him didn't make me like her better. It was because it didn't save her, after all, from a mute agreement with him to go halves. There were moments when I couldn't help looking hard into his impudent young eyes, challenging him to confess his fantastic fraud and give it up. Not a little tacit conversation passed between us

in this way, but he had always the best of it. If I said: "Oh, come now, with me you needn't keep it up; plead guilty, and I'll let you off," he wore the most ingenuous, the most candid expression, in the depths of which I could read: "Oh, yes, I know it exasperates you—that's just why I do it." He took the line of earnest inquiry, talked about Balzac and Flaubert, asked me if I thought Dickens *did* exaggerate and Thackeray ought to be called a pessimist. Once he came to see me, at his mother's suggestion he declared, on purpose to ask me how far, in my opinion, in the English novel, one really might venture to go. He was not resigned to the usual pruderies—he suffered under them already. He struck out the brilliant idea that nobody knew how far we might go, for nobody had ever tried. Did I think *he* might safely try—would it injure his mother if he did? He would rather disgrace himself by his timidities than injure his mother, but certainly someone ought to try. Wouldn't I try—couldn't I be prevailed upon to look at it as a duty? Surely the point ought to be fixed—he was worried, haunted by the question. He patronised me unblushingly, made me feel like a foolish

No doubt it is, but she's vexed with me for letting my prices go down; and I had to write three novels to pay for all her marriage cost me. I did it very well—I mean the outfit and the wedding; but that's why I'm here. At any rate, she doesn't want a vulgar old woman in her house. I should give it an atmosphere of literary glory; but literary glory is only the eminence of nobodies. Besides, she doubts my glory—she knows I'm glorious only at Peckham and Hackney. She doesn't want her friends to ask if I've never known nice people. She can't tell them I've never been in society. She tried to teach me better once, but I couldn't learn. It would seem, too, as if Peckham and Hackney had had enough of me; for (don't tell anyone!) I've had to take less for my last than I ever took for anything." I asked her how little this had been, not from curiosity, but in order to upbraid her, more disinterestedly than Lady Luard had done, for such concessions. She answered, "I'm ashamed to tell you," and then she began to cry.

I had never seen her break down, and I was proportionately moved; she wept over the extinction of her vogue and the exhaustion of her vein. Her little workroom seemed indeed a barren place to grow flowers, and I wondered, in the after years (for she continued to produce and publish), by what desperate and heroic process she dragged them out of the soil. I remember asking her on that occasion what had become of Leolin, and how much longer she intended to allow him to amuse himself at her cost. She rejoined, with spirit, wiping her eyes, that he was down at Brighton hard at work—he was in the midst of a novel—and that he *felt* life so, in all its misery and mystery, that it was cruel to speak of such experiences as a pleasure. "He goes beneath the surface," she said, "and he forces himself to look at things from which he would rather turn away. Do you call that amusing yourself? You should see his face sometimes! And he does it for me as much as for himself. He tells me everything—he comes home to me with his *trouvailles*. We are artists together, and to the artist all things are pure. I've often heard you say so yourself." The novel that Leolin was engaged in at Brighton was never published, but a friend of mine and of Mrs. Stormer's, who was staying there, happened to mention to me later that he had seen the young apprentice to romance driving, in a dogcart, a young lady with a very pink face. When I suggested that she was perhaps a woman of title with whom he was conscientiously flirting, my informant replied, "She is indeed, but do you know what her title is?" He pronounced it—it was familiar and descriptive—but I won't reproduce it here. I don't know whether Leolin mentioned it to his mother: she would have needed all the purity of the artist to forgive him. I hated so to come across him that in the very last years I went rarely to see her, though I knew that she had come pretty well to the end of her rope. I didn't want her to tell me that she had fairly to give her books away—I didn't want to see her cry. She kept it up amazingly, and every few months, at my club, I saw three new volumes, in green, in crimson, in blue, on the book-table that groaned with light literature. Once I met her at the Academy soirée, where you meet people you thought were dead, and she vouchsafed the information, as if she owed it to me



"He has invented one," I said, "and he's paid every day of his life." "What is it?" she asked, looking hard at one of the pictures of the year.

amateur, a helpless novice, inquired into my habits of work and conveyed to me that I was utterly *vieux jeu* and had not had the advantage of an early training. I had not been brought up *ab ovo*. I knew nothing of life—I didn't go at it on *his* system. He had dipped into French feuilletons and picked up plenty of phrases, and he made a much better show in talk than his poor mother, who never had time to read anything and could only be vivid with her pen. If I didn't kick him downstairs it was because he would have lighted on her at the bottom.

When she went to live at Primrose Hill I called upon her, and found her weary and wasted. It had waned a good deal, the elation caused the year before by Ethel's marriage; the foam on the cup had subsided and there was a bitterness in the draught. She had had to take a cheaper house and she had to work still harder to pay even for that. Sir Baldwin had to be very careful, he had such heavy charges, so that the dream of her living with her daughter—a vision she had never mentioned to me—had to be given up. "I would have helped with things, and I could have lived perfectly in one room," she said; "I would have paid for everything, and—after all—I'm someone, ain't I? But I don't work in, and Ethel tells me there are tiresome people she *must* receive. I can help them from here, no doubt, better than from there. She told me once, you know, what she thinks of my picture of life. 'Mamma, your picture of life is preposterous!'

in candour, that Leolin had been obliged to recognise insuperable difficulties in the question of *form*, he was so fastidious; so that she had now arrived at a definite understanding with him (it was such a comfort) that she would do the form if he would bring home the ideas. That was now his position—he foraged for her in the great world, at a salary. "He's my 'devil,' don't you see? as if I were a great lawyer: he gets up the case and I argue it." She mentioned further that, in addition to his salary, he was paid by the piece: he got so much for a striking character, so much for a pretty name, so much for a plot, so much for an incident, and had so much promised him if he would invent a new crime.

"He has invented one," I said, "and he's paid every day of his life."

"What is it?" she asked, looking hard at one of the pictures of the year, "Baby's Tub," near which we happened to be standing.

I hesitated a moment. "I myself will write a little story about it, and then you'll see."

But she never saw; she had never seen anything, and she passed away with her fine blindness unimpaired. Her son published every scrap of scribbled paper that could be extracted from her table-drawers, and his sister quarrelled with him mortally about the proceeds, which showed that she only

wanted a pretext, for they cannot have been great. I don't know what Leolin lives upon, unless it be on a queer lady many years older than himself, whom he lately married. The last time I met him he said to me, with his infuriating smile: "Don't you think we can go a little further still—just a little?" He really goes too far.



THE END.

NEW STORY BY THOMAS HARDY.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

will be published the Opening Chapters of a New Serial Story by Thomas Hardy, entitled

THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED:

A SKETCH OF A TEMPERAMENT.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER PAGET.

ECCELESIASTICAL NOTES.

John Bull is dead. To tell the truth, it has been dead for a long while, but it has tardily admitted the fact by ceasing to appear. In James Grant's racy but terribly inaccurate history of the Press will be found some curious stories of its early years; and in a very different book, the memorials of Mortimer Collins, there are selections from the very interesting column of *Adversaria* which he long contributed to its columns, and for the sake of which it used to be handled in club reading-rooms, though probably it was never bought. Collins's Bohemianism was of a very innocent kind; he was a strong Church and State man, and delighted in the classics. Some of his best translations are buried in *John Bull*, and might be worth disinterring.

The "Dublin Christian Convention" has gone the great length of formally cancelling an invitation to speak at its annual meetings which had been accepted by Mr. R. F. Horton, of Hampstead, the well-known Congregational minister. Mr. Horton, who was till lately a Fellow of New College, Oxford, published a somewhat advanced little book on Inspiration, which was criticised by Mrs. Humphry Ward. It was too advanced for the majority of the committee of the Convention. They had not read it, but they were awed by the threats of the "Rev. George Ensor," who declined to attend the Convention if Mr. Horton was present. Mr. Ensor is a Church of England clergyman, with a minute living, who took an indifferent degree, and sets Canon Driver and others right in the *Record*. The incident has led to the withdrawal of several members from the committee.

In Ireland the Plymouth Brethren are strong, and strict orthodoxy is much more favoured than in England and Scotland. A noticeable instance of this is the experience of Mr. Moody. In Scotland, though he gathered large meetings during his last visit, little or no impression was produced by his meetings. The same is true of England, where, however, his work has been fitful—flying visits being paid to this place and that. But in Belfast he drew audiences sometimes mounting up to twelve thousand, and the effect of his addresses is said to have been very great.

Mr. G. E. Vincent, of the American Chautauqua Summer School, is at present in this country endeavouring to procure lecturers for the next gathering. Among others who have given courses are Professor Mahaffy, of Dublin, Dr. Fairbairn, of Oxford, Dr. Percival, of Rugby, Professor Drummond, of Glasgow, and other well-known men. The gathering is strictly undenominational, although the tone is religious, and it appears to have done some good in spreading the taste for culture among Americans.

The amusingly cautious *Guardian*, which loves the Queen's Speech style, except when it is dealing with Professor Cheyne, has a "communicated" article on the Gothenburg system of licensing, in which it says that moderate drinkers have their duties as well as total abstainers, and that one of them is to examine the results of the system wherever it has been tried—a thing which the writer thinks has not yet been satisfactorily done. If these results are good, it is suggested that they should help Bishop Jayne in getting it fairly tried in England. It is admitted that total abstainers would not co-operate, and that the more extreme would probably describe the enterprise as "State Regulation of Vice." Whether it would be possible to conceive so strong and strange a combination as "vested interests" and "rabid teetotalers" is a question which it is not easy to answer.

Archdeacon Farrar, while expressing approval of the arrangements for the Church Congress at Folkestone, is disposed to think that in future it would be well that the Congress should not meet oftener than once in three years. This opinion is pretty general among Churchmen. V.

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

Heaps of money have been saved by the working classes in England, as we know by the deposits in the hands of the Government, and in the more or less leaky coffers of innumerable Friendly Societies, Building Societies, and the like. And yet it is not a thrifty nation, in the sense of being given to saving—having a preference for present comforts, which is not so indefensible as some choose to make out. To take a case, there is more than nothing to be said for the working man who argues about the disposal of his wages in this way: "I can do nothing better for my boys than build up their young bodies with a good supply of sound food, clothe them well, lodge them wholesomely, lead them into habits of self-respect (which a comfortable way of living conduces to), take care that they have a decent education, and then, when they are fairly grown, pitch them out into the world as sound and hearty young animals well equipped for earning their own bread. They will be better off that way than if, after a dispiriting course of scraping and pinching, they started with twenty pounds a-piece in the bank and half-nourished bones in their bodies." It is very likely that few British artisans do argue the matter in this way, or at all; but it is a principle that a vast number of them act upon, and it cannot be said that there is nothing in it. Nevertheless, the cash savings of working people amount to a sum which would have seemed incredible to their great-grandfathers, and a little more thriftiness yet is highly desirable, especially as a good deal might be won from waste. Therefore, let us continue to preach the beauty and the duty of thrift.

But the public events that suggest reflections like these, and set us up to lecture, should direct attention to a fact which has much to do with discouraging habits of saving amongst the mechanical poor. It is that their small accumulations are almost outside the law that "money breeds money." How evidently it does so when thousands and tens of thousands of pounds are put out at interest need not be said; and when the little shopkeeper has set aside a hundred or so during a good year, he not only has opportunities of laying it out to advantage in stock and plant, but, lending it on the security of a lease or what not, he can fill his mind's eye with a round little sum annually earned by his money and looking like a gift. But the labourer's pound, the artisan's two pounds—what is to be made of that? About the utmost he can do is to put it out of his hands in a safe place. He can hoard it with confidence in the Post Office Savings Bank; but it is little more than hoarding, for even to the eye of an agricultural labourer an annual increment of eightpence can hardly seem to invest the beneficiary with capitalist advantages or substantiate the notion that money breeds money. Small sums of a pound or two are shut out from the ordinary channels of investment; and that, no doubt, is why so large a proportion of the people's savings is ventured with building societies and similar associations. It seems that in this way something tangible may be made of the monthly scraping up of a few shillings. These societies offer a high rate of interest, and give to depositors and shareholders a substantial sense of proprietorship; but they are constantly breaking down, with the consequence, in many cases, not only of bitter loss, but the substitution of a spirit of recklessness for the spirit of thrift. In other cases there is no more trusting of the saved pound out of the old tea-caddy in a trunk; but, being there, it is hourly exposed to dissolution through some sudden extravagant whim of its proprietors. The possibility of devising a means of helping thrifty poor men out of these temptations, limitations, and disabilities seems almost beyond compass. The main difficulty lies in the enormous proportional cost of clerical labour in dealing with small sums; for it is obvious that the same care must be employed, the same machinery, the same amount of time, in receiving, applying, and recording the investment of half-a-crown as a thousand pounds.

That is the reason why the Government Savings Bank Department is itself in a state of insolvency, unless something has been done within the last few years (and we have never heard of any direct means of relief) to put the affairs of that department straight. The gentle reader will probably be surprised to hear that it ever was insolvent; but so it was, though successive Chancellors of the Exchequer kept the matter dark, not knowing how to deal with it conveniently. One of them—the late Lord Sherbrooke, then Mr. Lowe—was so afflicted by the continuance of an ever-increasing loss, consequent on the irreducible cost of administration plus the payment of interest, that he contemplated lowering the rate of interest to depositors by a quarter per cent. But (Consols were then at 3 per cent.) he was persuaded that to appoint a lower rate of interest for money lent to the Government by "the masses" than for that lent by richer folk would be disastrously unpopular, and so dropped the intention. How affairs stand now we do not know, except that they have been placed on a better footing since the Savings Bank Department was obliged by the excessive cost of administration to put a considerable sum every year to the wrong side of the ledger. Perhaps the arrears have been wiped off; perhaps they still remain uncleared: in any case the depositors are safe enough, for though the department worked to a loss of any number of millions, the Treasury (i.e., the nation) would be bound to make the loss good. By this high example, however, we may see how difficult it is to pay even a low rate of interest, with security, on small sums gathered from scattered sources.

Delivering an address at the Grindelwald Conference on "The Duty of Wealthy Christians in a Democratic Age," the Rev. Mr. Hugh Price Hughes said that "one of the peculiarities of the nineteenth century is that we grip our money a great deal more tenaciously than our grandfathers," meaning that we grip our money more tenaciously in presence of Want. Nowadays, indeed, "there are some cynics who say that poverty in England is a crime." If this be true, the cynics whisper low in retired places, and the most imaginative work of the age is that prodigiously bulky volume the Dictionary of Charitable Institutions. Or there may be another explanation: our forefathers spent enormous gifts in a secrecy so Christian that they were never seen by mortal eye. But no. Mr. Price Hughes spoke in haste, and with more feeling than consideration. The truth is that in all the centuries that preceded the nineteenth there was no such growth of pity and sacrifice for the ills of poverty as there has been in England during the

last sixty years. This is no mere matter of conjectural estimate: it is capable of proof (if proof were needed for what is a matter of common observation and understanding) by facts recorded in brick and mortar, by figures registered in bank-books, by the visible labour of a hundred ministrants of the poor and afflicted where there were not ten before the nineteenth century began to exhibit its "peculiarities." And, what is more, this magnificent new growth had come to full expanse before the democratic age was generally understood to have begun: which was only the other day. It is nothing to brag about; but neither should it be belied, even in the most righteous warmth and with the best intentions.

As to one great means of getting money from British pockets and distributing it among suffering people—appeal from the Lord Mayor of London and a committee at the Mansion House—it had almost become ridiculous in its range and insistence, considering how much remains to be done for our own poor and how prompt the Lord Mayor of the period has shown himself to send round his august cocked hat for any sort and every shade of foreigner in any kind of distress. And when his lordship of the present year did not "see his way" to open a subscription for the people of Hamburg, he was blamed for an extraordinary and unaccountable lack of kindness. Now, if the people of Hamburg had paved the way for legitimate pecuniary assistance by hanging a few of the gentlemen who, in the interests of the commerce of Hamburg, covered an outbreak of cholera with silence and darkness till it became a danger for half the civilised world, a word of reprehension to London's Lord Mayor might have been deemed tolerable. As it is, our most high worshipful one is more to be commended than blamed.

A spokesman for the Association of Operative Cotton-Spinners said, the other day, that the distressed condition of cotton-workers in England was largely traceable to an Eastern origin: the want of railways in India, the troubles with silver, and the lack of a proper Factory Act are playing havoc with our trade. The troubles with silver are not easily explained; but what is meant by "a proper Factory Act" may be stated in a few words. It is an Act so limiting the hours of labour in Indian cotton-factories as to enable home factories to do more business and pay higher wages. Very good. But let us all understand that an Act of that sort would be a most decided measure of Protection.

BIRD-EATING SPIDERS.

One of the attractions at present in vogue at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, is a couple of bird-eating spiders, presented to the Zoological Society by Mr. T. Terry, of The Grange, Borough Green, Kent, who brought several of these interesting arachnids from Port of Spain, Trinidad. Spiders, at large, are perhaps not very attractive creatures, regarded, that is, from the popular standpoint; but a closer acquaintance with their habits will serve to interest even the most casual of observers. Of course spiders are not "insects" at all. Though they belong to the same great division of the animal world, they form quite a different branch of the genealogical tree which includes the lobsters and crabs, spiders, insects, and centipedes among its belongings. An insect has only six legs, a spider has eight—the two front "legs" of a spider are really appendages of its mouth, so that its ten-legged appearance (as seen in our Illustration) is thus explained. Then, also, an insect has its head, chest, and tail distinctly marked, the head and chest being joined in the spiders. There are no feelers or antennae (as such) in the spiders, and they breathe by lung-sacs, and not by air-tubes, as do the insects; while, finally, wings are never developed in the spider class. The bird-eating spiders, we suspect, cannot legitimately be called "tarantulas," more probably they are related to the Mygale group, of which the trap-door spiders of southern Europe are examples. There is a spider common in the Southern States of America, the *Nephila plumipes*, which makes its net so strong that it captures small birds. The tarantulas are not, as a rule, of big size, and the story about their bite causing "dancing madness" is, of course, pure fiction. The bird-eating spiders at the "Zoo" are male and female, and, as usual in the spider class, the female is the bigger, for the spiders long ago have satisfactorily solved the "woman's rights" question, and not only domineer over their husbands, but often end domestic differences by eating them. The poison apparatus exists in the mouth, the mandibles, or big jaws, being provided each with a poison-fang



THE TARANTULA, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

(as seen in the Illustration), which draws its store of venom from a poison-gland. Mr. Terry says there is no doubt his spiders kill small birds such as humming-birds, some of which are very small indeed. Mice they will sometimes capture as well. He feeds his spiders on cockroaches, beetles, and moths, and has tried them with very young sparrows. With regard to the effects of the bite on man, Mr. Terry says they often cause death; but one may be pardoned for being somewhat sceptical on this latter point, though there is no reason to doubt that, as with the bite of the scorpion or of a big centipede, severe inflammation may follow the wound made by a big spider. Perhaps some of our Trinidad readers may favour us with accurate details regarding this point.

THE GERMAN CHICAGO.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I feel lost in Berlin. It has no resemblance to the city I had supposed it was. There was once a Berlin which I would have known from descriptions in books—the Berlin of the last century and the beginning of the present one: a dingy city in a marsh, with rough streets, muddy and lantern-lighted, dividing straight rows of ugly houses all alike, compacted into blocks as square and plain and uniform and monotonous and serious as so many dry-goods boxes. But that Berlin has disappeared. It seems to have disappeared totally and left no sign. The bulk of the Berlin of to-day has about it no suggestion of a former period. The site it stands on has traditions and a history, but the city itself has no traditions and no history. It is a new city, the newest I have ever seen. Chicago would seem venerable beside it, for there are many old-looking districts in Chicago, but not many in Berlin. The main mass of the city looks as if it had been built last week, the rest of it has a just perceptibly graver tone, and looks as if it might be six or even eight months old.

The next feature that strikes one is the spaciousness, the roominess of the city. There is no other city in any country whose streets are so generally wide. Berlin is not merely a city of wide streets, it is the city of wide streets. As a wide-street city it has never had its equal in any age of the world. "Unter den Linden" is three streets in one. The Potsdamer Strasse is bordered on both sides by sidewalks, which are themselves wider than some of the historic thoroughfares of the old European capitals, there seem to be no lanes or alleys, there are no short cuts, here and there, where several important streets empty into a common centre, that centre's circumference is of a magnitude calculated to bring the word spaciousness into your mind again. The park in the middle of the city is so huge that it calls up that expression once more.

The next feature that strikes one is the straightness of the streets. The short ones haven't so much as a waver in them, the long ones stretch out to prodigious distances and then tilt a little to the right or left, then stretch out on another immense reach as straight as a ray of light. A result of this arrangement is that at night Berlin is an inspiring sight to see. Gas and the electric light are employed with a wasteful liberality, and so, wherever one goes, he has always double ranks of



Here the police keep coming, calmly and patiently, until you pay your tax.

observable on every hand—in great things, in little things, in all details, of whatsoever size. And it is not method and system on paper, and there an end—it is method and system in practice. It has a rule for everything, and puts the rule in force; puts it in force against the poor and the powerful alike, without favour or prejudice. It deals with great matters and minute particulars with equal faithfulness, and with a plodding and painstaking diligence and persistency which compel admiration—and sometimes regret. There are several taxes, and they are collected quarterly. Collected is the word; they are not merely levied, they are collected, every time. This makes light taxes. It is in cities and countries where a considerable part of the community shirk payment that taxes have to be lifted to a burdensome rate. Here the police keep coming, calmly and patiently, until you pay your tax. They charge you five or ten cents per visit, after the first call. By experiment you will find that they will presently collect that money.

In one respect the million and a half of Berlin's population are like a family; the head of this large family knows the names of its several members, and where the said members are located, and when and where they were born, and what they do for a

living, and what their religious brand is. Whoever comes to Berlin must furnish these particulars to the police immediately; moreover, if he knows how long he is going to stay, he must say so. If he take a house he will be taxed on the rent and taxed also on his income. He will not be asked what his income is, and so he may save some lies for home consumption. The police will estimate his income from the house rent he pays, and tax him on that basis.

Duties on imported articles are collected with inflexible fidelity, be the sum large or little; but the methods are gentle, prompt, and full of the spirit of accommodation. The postman attends to the whole matter for you in cases where the article comes by mail, and you have no trouble and suffer no inconvenience. The other day a friend of mine was informed that there was a package in the post-office for him containing a lady's silk belt, with gold clasp, and a gold chain to hang a bunch of keys on. In his first agitation he was going to try to bribe the postman to chalk it through, but acted upon his sober second thought, and allowed the matter to take its proper and regular course. In a little while the postman brought the package and made these several collections: Duty on the silk belt, 7½ cents; duty on the gold chain, 10 cents; charge for fetching the package, 5 cents. These devastating imposts are exacted for the protection of German home industries.

The calm, quiet, courteous, cussed persistence of the police is the most admirable thing I have encountered on this side. They undertook to persuade me to send and get a passport for a Swiss maid whom we had brought with us, and at the end of six weeks of patient, tranquil, angelic daily effort they succeeded. I was not intending to give them trouble, but I was lazy, and I thought they would get tired. Meanwhile, they probably thought I would be the one. It turned out just so.

One is not allowed to build unstable, unsafe, or unsightly houses in Berlin; the result is this comely and conspicuously stately city, with its security from conflagrations and breakdowns. It is built of architectural Gibralters. The building commissioners inspect while the building is going up. It has been found that this is better than to wait till it falls down. These people are full of whims.

One is not allowed to cram poor folk in cramped and dirty tenement houses. Each individual must have just so many cubic feet of room-space, and sanitary inspectors are systematic and frequent.

Everything is orderly. The fire brigade march in rank, curiously uniformed, and so grave is their demeanour that



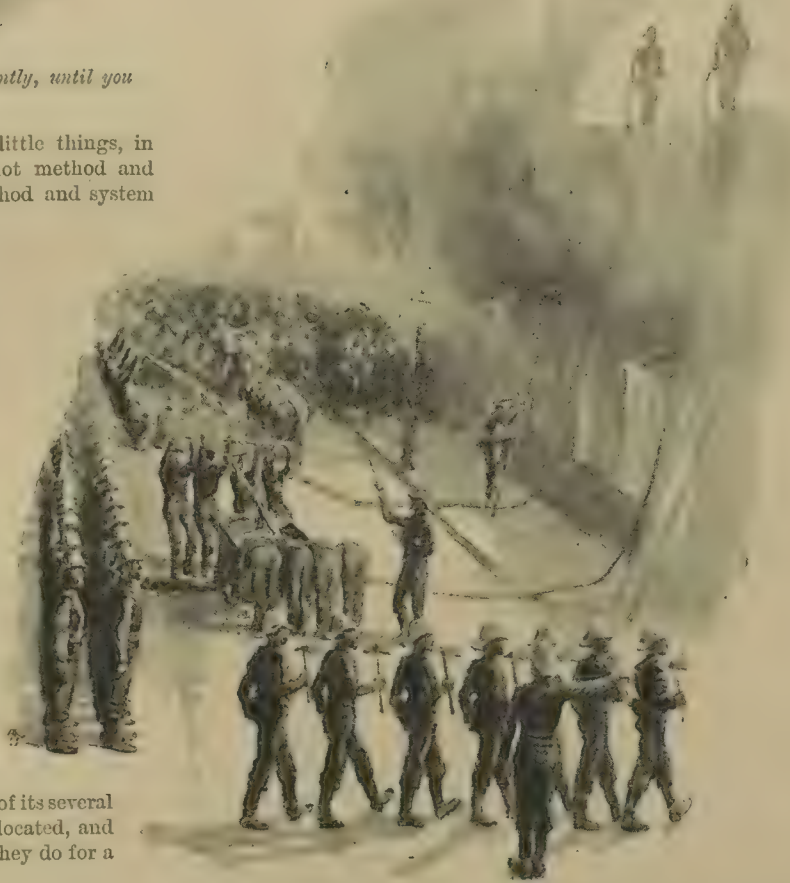
A dingy city in a marsh, with rough streets, muddy and lantern-lighted.

brilliant lights stretching far down into the night on every hand, with here and there a wide and splendid constellation of them spread out over an intervening "Platz," and between the interminable double procession of street-lamps one has the swarming and darting cab-lamps, a lively and pretty addition to the fine spectacle, for they counterfeit the rush and confusion and sparkle of an invasion of fireflies.

There is one other noticeable feature—the absolutely level surface of the site of Berlin. Berlin—to recapitulate—is newer to the eye than is any other city, and also blonder of complexion and tidier. No other city has such an air of roominess, freedom from crowding; no other city has so many straight streets; and, with Chicago, it contests the chromo for flatness of surface and for phenomenal swiftness of growth. Berlin is the European Chicago. The two cities have about the same population—say a million and a half. I cannot speak in exact terms, because I only know what Chicago's population was the week before last; but at that time it was about a million and a half. Fifteen years ago, Berlin and Chicago were large cities, of course, but neither of them was the giant it now is.

But now the parallels fail. Only parts of Chicago are stately and beautiful, whereas all of Berlin is stately and substantial, and it is not merely in parts, but uniformly beautiful. There are buildings in Chicago that are architecturally finer than any in Berlin, I think, but what I have just said above is still true. These two flat cities would lead the world for phenomenal good health if London were out of the way. As it is, London leads by a point or two. Berlin's death-rate is only nineteen in the thousand. Fourteen years ago the rate was a third higher.

Berlin is a surprise in a great many ways—in a multitude of ways, to speak strongly and be exact. It seems to be the most governed city in the world, but one must admit that it also seems to be the best governed. Method and system are



There they are ranked up, military fashion, and told off in detachments by the chief, who parcels out to the detachments the several parts of the work which they are to undertake in putting out that fire.

they look like a Salvation Army under conviction of sin. People tell me that when a fire alarm is sounded the firemen assemble calmly, answer to their names when the roll is called, then proceed to the fire. There they are ranked up, military fashion, and told off in detachments by the chief, who parcels out to the detachments the several parts of the work which they are to undertake in putting out that fire. This is all done with low-voiced propriety, and strangers think these people are working a funeral. As a rule, the fire is confined to a single floor in these great masses of bricks and masonry, and consequently there is little or no interest attaching to a fire here for the rest of the occupants of the house.

There are abundance of newspapers in Berlin, and there was also a newsboy, but he died. At intervals of half a mile on the thoroughfares there are booths, and it is at these that you buy your papers. There are plenty of theatres, but they do not advertise in a loud way. There are no big posters of any kind, and the display of vast type and of pictures of actors and performance framed on a big scale and done in rainbow colours is a thing unknown. If the big show-bills existed, there would be no place to exhibit them, for there are no poster-fences, and one would not be allowed to disfigure dead walls with them. Unsightly things are forbidden here; Berlin is a rest to the eye.

And yet the saunterer can easily find out what is going on at the theatres. All over the city, at short distances apart, there are neat round pillars, eighteen feet high and about as thick as a hog's head, and on these the little black-and-white theatre bills and other notices are posted. One generally finds a group around each pillar reading these things. There are plenty of things in Berlin worth importing to America. It is these that I have particularly wished to make a note of. When Buffalo Bill was here, his biggest poster was probably not larger than the top of an ordinary trunk.

(To be continued.)



There are abundance of newspapers in Berlin.

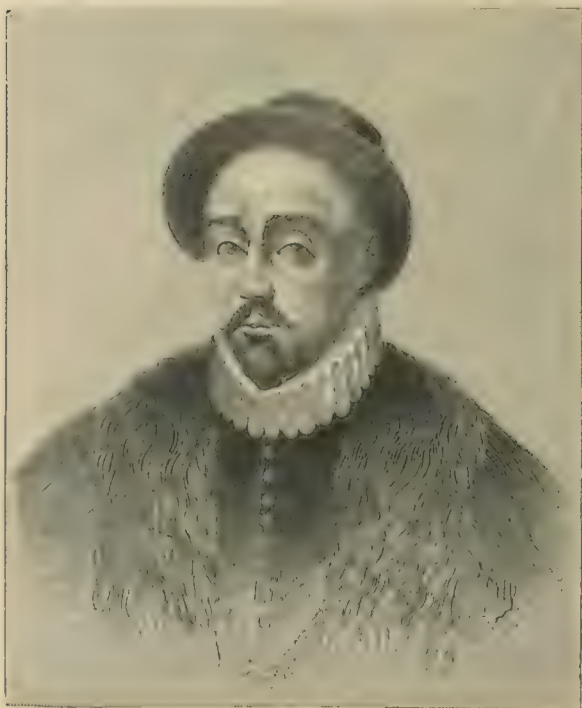


YOUTH AT THE HELM.

BY JULIUS M. PRICE.

THE TRICENTENARY OF MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

Those who care to celebrate anniversaries—a worthy custom, though one which has been the cause of some folly and more fuss in the world—and who remembered that the author of the *Essays* died three hundred years ago, had their choice of Saturday, Sept. 3, and of Tuesday, Sept. 13, for that purpose. After all, the observance of "styles" being granted, it remains to be argued which way that observance shall



MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

work—whether we are to take the old numbering for the old time or not; and here, as elsewhere, much may be said on both sides. Third or thirteenth, it is not superfluous to commemorate Montaigne just now; and the fitness of the commemoration is made more eminent by the odd coincidence of this anniversary with another—that of Columbus. For both by time and in spirit Montaigne is a typical, perhaps the most typical, representative of the *fin* of that *siècle* which the exploit of Columbus opened. Everyone who has read him a little more than superficially—even not a few superficial readers, I should think—must have noticed the curious note of disillusion, just stopping short of unreality and morbidness, which marks Montaigne. It is true that the limit is as remarkable as the disillusion. There is nothing in the very least savouring of Wertherism, of Byronism, of Schopenhauerism about Montaigne. He is thoroughly convinced that the heat of ginger in the mouth is a real heat, and an agreeable one, too, while it lasts. He does not seem even in age and illness to have been in the least sickened of the delights of his youth. He neither wails nor storms, nor even very perceptibly sneers at the fashion of this world which passeth away. But no one was ever more thoroughly convinced of the fact that it does pass away; and no one ever more quietly and more ruthlessly criticised the life of the time that was passing away as he wrote. There is not left in him so much as a ray of the joyous, uncertain, expectant brilliancy of the earlier Renaissance. He is not, in the modern vulgar sense, a sceptic, but he will very carefully refrain from asserting positively that he knows anything. He is a good citizen and a good subject, but terribly inclined to trimming. He has abundant learning, but he is very little inclined to glorify the accomplishments or the prospects of the science of his day. He comes at the end, not at the beginning; and sits beside the death-bed not despairing, not disappointed, not even violently cynical, but with a kind of sober shrug.

More than one pleasant account exists in English—John Sterling's, Emerson's, and others—of Montaigne's home and way of life at the still partially subsisting château whence he took his beloved title. In France an immense amount of trouble has been taken for the last half-century, first by Dr. Payen, a "Montanist" of the purest water, and since by M. Malvèzin and others, over the details of the essayist's life, conversation, ancestry, and so forth. A few of the results are not unimportant, a few of them are not uninteresting. I still do

not think it quite impossible that there may have been English blood in him, as he himself seems to have believed. He was certainly very English in part of his temperament. We need not be surprised if the diligent ones have discovered, or think they have discovered, little innocent suppressions and not much less innocent insinuations in his works, tending to make out that the Eyquem (for they were "of Montaigne" little more than a century before he died, and scarcely more than half a century before he was born) were greater, older, better people than they were. Nothing of this sort that has been or is likely to be discovered can do him any harm; nor, perhaps, do even the most earnest insistors on heroism in other people feel very angry with him for the undoubted neglect of duty and display of selfish timidity which made him refuse to visit Bordeaux, of which he was chief magistrate, during its visitation by pestilence. There are some people in whom this would be a terrible lapse: it is not a pleasant one in "My Lord Michael"; but it is, somehow, less unpleasant in him than in another. For we do not think of him as a hero; he never holds himself out as a hero. He is an immensely shrewd, very kindly, rather selfish, and (not wholly without his fault) decidedly valetudinarian observer of life, who has seen much, who has thought more, who has read most of the things that in his time were worth reading, who has considered the results of the sight, the thought, and the reading from one uniform and characteristic standpoint, and who expresses himself in an incomparable style. There are some people in most men's living experience whose selfishness is somehow tolerable and not irritating; and in the less trying intercourse of literature there are many more. If



MONTAIGNE'S HOUSE, AT BORDEAUX.

Montaigne had played the part of a Belzunce and earned the fate of a Rotrou, we should have felt that it was highly creditable, but a very little out of keeping. And then the time that he spent at Bordeaux might have interfered with essay-writing, which, and not sanitary inspection, was clearly what he had to do in the world.

It would be rather curious to know whether many people read Montaigne now. That anybody who, beginning to read him at all, and having the necessary qualifications for enjoying him, should fail to read him through, and read him again and again, is inconceivable. Most people, I suppose, who have a taste for reading adopt the plan of holiday books—books to take with them and read in the evenings, on wet days, in gaps between expeditions and meals, and so forth. Of all the books that I have tried for such a purpose I have never tried any with such success as Montaigne, saving and except only Burton (who, indeed, I believe, according to the Baconians, was Montaigne as well as Shakspeare, Bacon himself, and a few other simultaneous, or not quite simultaneous, incarnations or idols). His desultoriness, which dispenses the reader from any inconvenient punctilio of beginning at the beginning

and going on to the end, is, of course, one main and principal charm; but there are others of a far higher order. So many great and good persons have eulogised the charm of his garrulity, the abundant variety of his subjects, some of them, at least, necessarily coming home to any reader, and so forth, that it must be unnecessary to enlarge on that head. Except those unhappy, if now numerous, folk who cannot imagine any "amusement" except in reading a novel or a newspaper, there is, I should suppose, no one who can fail to find Montaigne amusing somewhere—in those "ridiculous stories" which he tells with much innocence of himself and other people, in his details about his family, his education, his house, his taste in food and drink and the eyes

of womankind. But it is on the side of him that is not merely amusing that he has the most important, if not the most welcome, gospel for the present day. He could, no doubt, teach it little in selfishness; but there I suspect few times have much to learn from any others, and not even many individuals are at the bottom of the class in that subject. But the quality which Montaigne has, and which, as a rule, we have not, seems to be a singularly ripe knowledge of life, which has existed more than once—more than three or four times, it may be—in the history of the world, while at other times it seems to go out of fashion altogether, and its place is taken by cant and convention, whether negative or positive does not matter. Montaigne's view of life was, perhaps, a little limited. He never looked, and could never have looked, very high; he did not choose to look very low. But in the middle region of society, of thought, of sentiment, of learning, of everything almost that makes life, he seems to have seen things as they were with an almost unmatched keenness of vision and absence of mist and mirage. What with the wisdom he gathered from the ancients and the wisdom that he had in his own store, his view of life reached a kind of triumph of the Understanding—of the Understanding in its strict sense. The world has shifted a little, perhaps, though less than is generally thought; but a man who took Montaigne as his practical guide even now would probably make a better thing of his life (still limiting the matter to strictly practical mundane and prudential considerations) than most men. To be so wise and to be so amusing into the bargain; to write such French and to see with eyes so unparochially human—truly this was something for a man to do, whether he was Gascon or Englishman, Spaniard or Jew (he may very likely have been all four in some degree), and whether he died three hundred years ago on the second Tuesday or three hundred years ago on the first Saturday of September 1892.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Our Illustrations are taken from the standard library edition of Cotton's "Montaigne," and we are indebted to Messrs. Reeves and Turner, the publishers, of 196, Strand, for permission to reproduce.

LAMB'S PROLOGUE TO "THE WIFE."

Lamb's editors all print the epilogue which he wrote for his friend Sheridan Knowles's play, but not the prologue. Why? one wonders. It may be that the preface to the published play mentions Lamb's name only as the writer of the epilogue, but that is hardly a reason, for Talfourd ("Letters of C. Lamb," 1837, ii. 300) tells us that, although, in 1833, Lamb's indisposition to write had increased, he was "still ready to obey the call of friendship, and wrote both prologue and epilogue to Knowles's play of 'The Wife.'" But the sentence in Knowles's preface is hardly less explicit: "To my early, my trusty, and honoured friend [how richly the brogue rolls through this collocation!] Charles Lamb, I owe my thanks for a delightful Epilogue composed almost as soon as it was requested. To an equally dear friend I am equally indebted for my Prologue." (Italics mine.)

The prologue is not one of Lamb's choicest productions, for his talent for this species of rhyming did not equal his ambition, but it is, like everything he produced, full of interest, and it is quite as good as the epilogue. The prologue, as printed, can be seen by the curious prefixed to the play in the pamphlet ("The Wife"), but it differs widely from the text which Lamb first wrote, and which was probably delivered from the stage. Lamb's manuscript is still, happily, preserved in the Forster Collection at South Kensington, together with a note to Moxon, conveying a correction of the closing lines.

And this is what Lamb wrote—

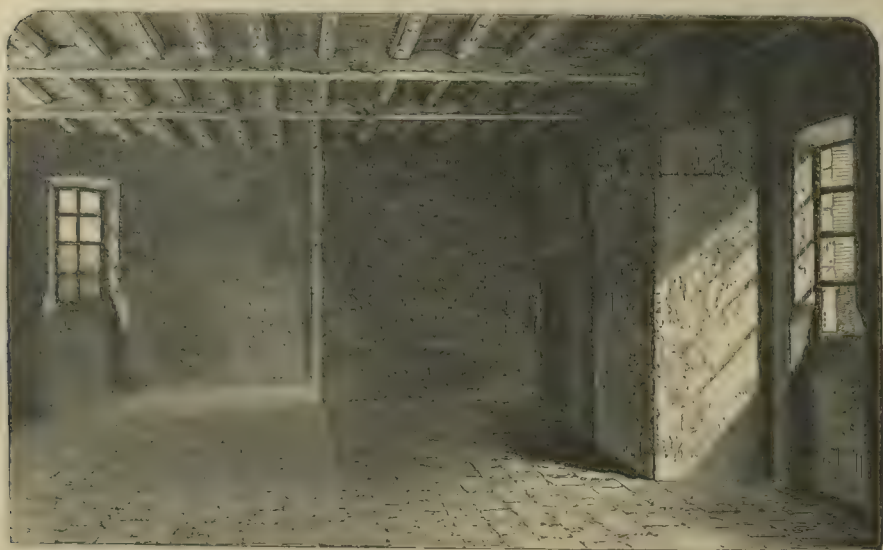
Stern Heaven in anger no poor wretch invades
More sorely than the man who drives two trades—
Author and Actor! Why has wayward fate
Decreed to oppress me with the double weight?
Wanting a Prologue, I in need applied
To three Poetic Friends; was thrice denied:
One gaped on me with supercilious air,
And mutter'd "Vagabond, rogue, strolling player!"
A Poet once, I found, with looks agast,
By turning Player, I had lost my caste.
Wanting a Speaker for my Prologue, I
Did to my friends behind the scenes apply
With like success; each look'd on me askance,
And scowl'd on me with a suspicious glance.
The rogues—I dearly love them—but it stung them
To think, God wot, a bard had got among them.
Their service in the drama was enough,
"The Poet might rehearse the Poet's stuff."
Driven on myself for speech and Prologue too,
Dear patrons of our art, I turn to you!
If in these scenes that follow, you can trace
What once has pleased you, an unbidden grace,
A touch of nature's work, an awkward start,
Or ebullition of an Irish heart,
Cry, clap, commend it! If you like it not,
Your former kindness cannot be forgot.
Condemn me, damn me, hiss me, to your mind—
I have a stock of gratitude behind!

For an excellent, if slightly fanciful, reason, which Lamb gives in his note to Moxon, he desires that the two last lines be altered to—

Condemn them, damn them, hiss them, as you will—
The Author is your grateful servant still!

And he adds: "I want to see foustier (not the German Foust) [John Forster], and you, Boy! Mind, I don't care the 100,000th part of a bad sixpence if Knowles can get a prologue more to his mind."

One wonders whether Lamb had read "The Wife" before he wrote the prologue and epilogue: when he did the service for Godwin's "Antonio" he had not, as he confides to Manning in that delightful letter which has preserved the sprightly verses for us. "The names I took from a little outline G. gave me. I have not read the play."—J. DYKES CAMPBELL.



THE TRICENTENARY OF MONTAIGNE: INTERIOR OF MONTAIGNE'S LIBRARY.

LITERATURE.

THE CAREER OF COLUMBUS.

The Career of Columbus. By Charles I. Elton, Q.C., F.S.A. (Cassell and Co.)—The festive commemoration, in Spain and at Genoa, of the fourth centenary of that renowned feat of navigation called the discovery of America makes the publication of this volume the more timely; but it is less panegyric than critical in its purpose. Mr. Elton is a careful antiquarian and historical student, who has long shared the opinion, held by many unbiased modern scholars, that very much of the documentary literature concerning the life and doings of Columbus is of a mythical origin. We have no inclination, at this particular moment, to encourage a spirit of scepticism which might appear ungracious to Spanish and Italian domestic patriotism, or to the complacency of the Papal See in its retrospective contemplation of the religious conquest of those regions sometime called "the New World." Unquestionably, the exploit of those eager adventurers, led by a skillful Genoese mariner, commissioned by the King and Queen of Arragon and Castile, and succeeded, thirty years later, by still bolder invaders of the unknown continent, with authority from Cardinal Ximenes and from Charles V., produced immense results. Much gold was won for the crown of Spain, while many heathen nations were subdued to its colonial empire and to the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church. Although Cuba and Porto Rico are now the only remnants of that Spanish American dominion, and its former revenues were quickly squandered in Europe, leaving Spain, at the end of the sixteenth century, poorer than before, the present state of Mexico, Columbia, Peru, Chile, and the Argentine Republic, with several other distinct political communities, in spite of frequent civil wars and financial disasters, is, on the whole, a gain for civilisation. Nor can we regret that the grotesque and cruel idolatry of semi-barbarous heathendom and savage native tribes has been superseded by any form of the faith of Christendom. These are the abiding consequences of the mission of Columbus begun in 1492, and conducted by him, with some intervals, until his last return to Europe in 1504. He is a true hero, after all, deserving of much honour.

In reviewing Mr. Elton's book, we shall avoid reference to some disputed points of the family connections, birth, and early life of Columbus, which are noticed by Mr. Harold Frederic in a special essay prepared for our forthcoming Extra Supplement, to accompany a series of illustrations belonging to the occasion already mentioned. It will be sufficient to remark that Mr. Elton has investigated all the evidence that exists with regard to more ancient discoveries beyond the Atlantic Ocean, especially the Icelandic traditions, with which Columbus is said to have become acquainted in his voyages to the North Sea. Columbus, in 1477, was "sailing a hundred leagues beyond the Isle of Thule," 73 deg. N. of the Equator; but Mr. Elton finds cause to doubt his landing in Iceland and learning the history of Icelandic visits to Greenland. As for the story of Norse discoveries in 1002 of "Helluland," "Markland," and "Vinland," imagined variously to be Newfoundland or Labrador, Nova Scotia, Maine, or Massachusetts, it is dismissed by Mr. Elton as a fiction, not older than the middle of the fourteenth century. We cannot believe, indeed, that any Norse traditions of early discoveries on the north-east shores of America induced Columbus to sail in quite another direction, south-west of the Canaries, fifteen years afterwards, when he never entertained the slightest idea of the existence of a Western Continent, but only wanted to find a new route to Japan, China, and the East Indies. The Norse colony in Greenland had been lost in the fifteenth century; authentic news of it had been superseded by romance. Columbus, as a speculative geographer, felt some curiosity about the North Sea and the Arctic region, but he did not think of going that way to the Indies. His later residence in Portugal, and his visits to Madeira, Teneriffe, and the Azores, seem to have laid the foundation of his great project.

He quitted Portugal for Spain in 1484, lived at Huelva, the home of his sister-in-law, and during two years at Seville, keeping a small shop for the sale of charts and maps and books on navigation. The prior of the neighbouring monastery of La Robida, to whom he communicated his scheme and arguments, recommended him to Queen Isabella. She summoned a conference of University professors and Dominican monks at Salamanca, in 1491, to consider the subject. Their judgment was against it, mainly on false theological and scholastic philosophical objections to the theory of the rotundity of the globe. The Crown of Castile would not defray the cost of an exploring voyage; King Ferdinand of Arragon did not believe in it; the rich Dukes of Medina Sidonia and Medina Celi declined to pay for it. Columbus then resorted to the aid of private persons—the ship-builders at Palos, Martin and Vincente Pinzon. A royal charter was granted promising Columbus one-eighth of the profits, with the offices of Admiral, Captain-General, and Governor of any lands he might discover. The Pinzons built the ships, borrowing funds of the town of Palos. The caravel Santa Maria was placed under command of Columbus, Martin Pinzon commanded the Pinta, Vincente Pinzon was captain of the Nina; and so they sailed on Aug. 3, 1492.

This memorable voyage does not seem, even for that age, an extraordinary feat of seamanship. A third part of the space over the Atlantic, to the Azores, was already familiar to navigators. Columbus was among the Canary Isles on Aug. 21, stayed at Gomera, completing the equipment of his vessels, till Sept. 6, and then again set sail. The sea was very smooth, the wind and the currents were mostly favourable. On Sept. 13 the navigators were puzzled by the shifting of the magnetic needle in their compass, but they had only to keep a straight onward course. The sailors wondered for some days at seeing the sea all covered with the yellow "sargasso" weed-plant, but it did not much hinder the advance of the ships. A few cowards in the crew grumbled in fear that they would never be able to sail back to Spain. Strange fishes, and birds on later days, were seen now and then; afterwards came land-birds, drifting trunks and branches of trees. On the thirty-sixth day, Oct. 12, from the sailing from Gomera, Columbus landed at Guanahani, which he named San Salvador, now Watling Island, in the Bahamas.

The history of this and of subsequent adventures is related by Mr. Elton with laudable exactness and abstinence from rhetorical exaggeration. His book may safely be commended to readers simply desirous of the truth.

THE EARTH-FIEND.

The Earth-Fiend. A Ballad made and etched by William Strang. (London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane, 1892.)—It has been Mr. Strang's singular fortune (or misfortune) to be compared with some score of other artists—with his master, Legros, of course, with Rembrandt frequently, with Albert Dürer not seldom, with Titian and Michael Angelo, with Millet and Blake, and I know not how many more. But among the names with which his own has been thus associated there are few, if any, of the feebler or more sentimental type. No one, I believe, has compared him to Carlo Dolci, or suggested that the influence of Cipriani is to be discovered in his work, and no one is likely to do so as long as he "makes and etches" ballads which resemble "The Earth-Fiend."

Indeed, this gruesome tale is enough to make even the tangles of Neera's hair stand straight upon end, and whatever epithets may be suggested by it, that of "pretty" will scarcely occur to a sane-minded person. It is "dour" to the dregs. But, if it does nothing else, it will prove that Mr. Strang's skill is not of a merely Protean kind, capable of assuming the shape of everybody but himself, but that it has a strong and sincere individuality behind it, which is slowly but surely working its way to perfect freedom of artistic expression. So far as his means are concerned, few will question that he is a master of his craft. The occasional passages of feeble and conventional work which were observable in his earlier etchings have given place to sure and direct labour, confident of its end, and attaining it by a constantly increasing deftness of touch and fertility of resource. He has learnt the language of line and tone, and whether he uses the needle or the scraper appears to be equally at home. The grand distribution of masses of light and shade and the fine balance of forms which characterise the two mezzotint plates in this volume would make them notable, apart from the poetical dignity of the ploughing scene and the virile conception of the terrible wrestling-match between the farmer and the Earth-Fiend. His power in expressing different qualities of light and obtaining just varieties of tone is more remarkable still in his etched work, because the task is one of greater difficulty. The broad glow of the firelight in the picture of the farmer reading the Psalms at night, the glitter of sunlight which irradiates the charming little design of the winged child reaping, the



FROM "THE EARTH FIEND," BY WILLIAM STRANG.

stormy gleams which strike over the children and the sleeping body of the uncouth boggy (in what is, perhaps, the finest plate of all) are fine examples of effect broadly and truthfully suggested.

The poem itself is written in Scotch of the broadest, not always quite intelligible to the Southerner, but ever impressive by its vigour and raciness. It begins by a description of a poor farmer, whose utmost industry can make little way against the havoc caused by an unseen enemy in the night. The condition of the farm is given in five lines—

The grey gull wheels o'er sodden stools
When hairst's at hand;
A' rusty grow the reaping hooks,
The tearful sky mak's grumly brooks
O'er a' the land.

In his trouble he seeks "Grey Meg Brock, the auld witch-wife," who is described with equal power—

A beldam hag; wi' eagle beak
And fiery een;
Wi' snaky locks by either cheek,
And shoulters thrawn like a swee cleek,
And no owie clean.

How this uncanny person helps the farmer I will leave the reader to discover himself from the original, but the result is a search for the boggy at midnight—

Adown the burn wi' shortnin' breath,
And by the plantin'
Whaur old Ned Connal made his death;
He closer grips his fechtin' graith
His heart is rantin'.

At his toon-en' he mak's a pause
Beyond the dyke;
He hears a soun' like ropy craws
And keeks about to ken the cause;
"What ails the tyke?"

With such sharp touches as this last line the vividness of the moment is forcibly emphasised, here and there, throughout the ballad, which, if not of the most faultless in point of versification, is yet sustained at a high pitch of life and interest from beginning to end. The struggle with the fiend, who is conquered and becomes his slave; the years of prosperity which ensue, until the farmer becomes rich and lazy; the long-pent vengeance of the fiend, who hides his time until he can throttle him securely, are all narrated with a surprising vigour, and not without passages of brightness which show that Mr. Strang is alive to the mirth and beauty of nature, although for artistic purposes he may prefer the terrible and the grotesque.

Regarded as an allegory of human life, the poem is not

exhilarating. The fiend conquers in the end, and the fate of the poor farmer is unmarked by even poetical justice, for he appears to have been as generous in his prosperity as he was industrious when poor. In Mr. Strang's illustration of the story of "The Farmer's Wife and the Devil" the wife had the best of it, and perhaps Mr. Strang thought it only fair to give the Devil his turn. It is to be hoped that next time the tide will set the other way again, for, after all, without being too squeamish, or desiring to bend artistic impulses in conventional directions, such power as Mr. Strang possesses has its human as well as its artistic obligations, and there is a distinct danger, from even an artistic point of view, in indulging a natural preference for the seamy side of things.

Nevertheless, we may fairly be satisfied with the knowledge that we have among us an artist who is capable of "making and etching" such a poem as "The Earth-Fiend." It shows us, at least, that art and poetry are still living and germinating in our midst; that, notwithstanding all the roar of the nineteenth century, a man may make a quiet spot for himself to work out his own individuality; and that the artists of old, if they have occupied the highest mountains, have left some hills comparatively untrod.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

One of the most important publications of the coming publishing season will be the new edition of Arthur Young's "Tour in Ireland," which Mr. A. W. Hutton has edited for Bohn's Library (G. Bell and Sons). Young visited Ireland at a critical period in the beginning of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and to the students of Irish questions, which are so largely social and agrarian, Young's work must needs be an invaluable treasure-house of facts. As the man who is to make his mark upon the public life of the future must be thoroughly at home with the social history of the past, this edition is likely to secure to Young a larger circle of readers than he has ever hitherto enjoyed. Bluebooks are, necessarily, the most important reading of latter-day politicians, and Young is the nearest analogue to a Bluebook that the eighteenth century affords.

Messrs. Macmillan will shortly publish a new volume of verse by Mr. George Meredith. Its lengthiest poem is entitled "The Empty Purse." Mr. George Moore tells us in his "Confessions of a Young Man" that he prefers Mr. Meredith as a poet, and Mr. William Watson has said much the same thing in that magazine article which Elkin Mathews is shortly to republish. Nevertheless, most of us, with all proper admiration for "Modern Love" and unqualified enthusiasm for "Love in a Valley," rather sigh for further creations of the type of Lucy Feverel, Rose Jocelyn, Rhoda Fleming, Sandra Belloni—that incomparable gallery of feminine portraits, in fact, which has secured to Mr. Meredith a place quite apart in British fiction.

It may be somewhat of a surprise to readers of fiction, says the *Athenaeum*, to learn that Mr. Edmund Gosse has for the first time deserted his field of poetry and criticism and has written a one-volume story called "The Secret of Narcisse," which will be published in October by Mr. William Heinemann.

The same publisher announces a reprint from these columns of Mr. Joseph Pennell's "The Jew at Home: Impressions of a Summer and Autumn spent with him in Russia and Austria," which will be issued as a small quarto volume.

An exceptionally interesting collection of French memoirs will shortly see the light. Countess Stéphanie de Tascher de la Pagerie is collecting her souvenirs of the Court of the Tuileries with a view to publication. Descended from a brother of the Empress Josephine, both the Countess and her brother, the Duc de la Pagerie, the First Chamberlain of the Empress Eugénie, were among the most intimate personal friends of Napoleon III. From the day of the Emperor's marriage till the Revolution of Sept. 4, 1870, she had her suite of rooms in the Tuileries, and went backwards and forwards with the Court to Fontainebleau and Compiègne during the summer months. Should the Countess, who, by-the-way, is now a deaconess, make up her mind to tell the whole truth of all she saw and heard, she will be able to throw much light on many disputed questions. It is said that the Empress Eugénie has consented to read the proofs, but that the Countess does not mean to alter a line without good reason.

We are promised two new editions of Sir Walter Scott's novels. The first, issued by Mr. John Nimmo, will be in forty-eight six-shilling volumes. It will be edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, and that gentleman contributes introductory essays and notes. These notes will doubtless be enhanced in value through the fact that Lady Maxwell Scott, Sir Walter's great-granddaughter, has thrown open all the treasures of Abbotsford to Mr. Lang. There will be 250 etchings by eminent artists. The work is to be called the Border edition, and it will have a rival in the Dryburgh edition issued about the same time—the beginning of November—by Messrs. A. and C. Black. Messrs. Black's edition, in twenty-five five-shilling volumes, will be illustrated by the best-known black-and-white artists. Mr. Hugh Thomson will illustrate "St. Ronan's Well," Mr. Charles Green "Waverley," Mr. Gordon Browne "Guy Mannering," Mr. W. H. Overend "The Pirate," and so on. Altogether there is plenty of evidence that Scott's works are as much "alive" as they ever were. K.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Essays on German Literature," by Hjalmar Hjorth Borjesen. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Peer Gynt," by Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William and Charles Archer. (Walter Scott.)
- "The Reputation of George Saxon," by Morley Roberts. (Cassell.)
- "The Cuckoo in the Nest," by Mrs. Oliphant. Three vols. (Hutchinson.)
- "The Queen of the Goblins," by W. Pickering. (Wells Gardner.)
- "The Incomplete Adventurer," by Tighe Hopkins. (Ward and Downey.)
- "Stray Records," by Clifford Harrison. Two vols. (Bentley.)
- "Miss Eyon of Eyon Court," by Katharine S. Macquoid. (Ward and Downey.)
- "Studies in Photography," by John Andrews. (Hazell, Watson, and Viney.)
- "Down in the Flats; or, Party before Fitness," by Clevedon Kenn. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Stories Told to a Child," by Jean Ingelow. (Wells Gardner.)
- "The Saghalien Convict," and Other Stories. Pseudonym Library. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "A Vision of Saints," by Lewis Morris. Illustrated. (Cassell.)



THE TEMPLE OF ART.

BY G. VON HOSSLIN.

A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE.

BY C. LEWIS HIND.

Lady Jonson, wife of Alderman Sir Samuel Jonson, famous by Thames side as the Glue King, was the mother of five children, and one of them was very ill. It had not always been so with Madeleine. In the early years of her life she was no less straight and active than her four brothers, but one day her mother had discovered a little gristly lump, no larger than a robin's egg, midway down her spine—in a month it had grown to the size of a gooseberry. Then it was that a board raised at the head and covered with green baize was delivered at the door of Sir Samuel Jonson's mansion, on which Madeleine must be stretched for many hours in the twenty-four.

She was fretful and hysterical in those first days of her trouble, for that rare patience that accompanies knowledge of the inevitable was not yet Madeleine's possession. It was a hushed time for the household in Prince's Gardens. Sir Samuel returned at night from the works always with the same question in his intolerant eyes, to which Lady Jonson, bending a-tiptoe over the balustrade, would reply, falteringly, "She's more complaisant, Samuel," or "Madeleine has been less fractious to-day," or merely, "Oh, the poor bairn!"

Lady Jonson's voice was always low, for Sir Samuel was a Sir Samuel of superlatives: that the volcano might any moment roar into activity was her constant fear. When this sad sickness had first fallen upon Madeleine he had sworn roundly that some "infernal carelessness"—a fall or a blow—had caused the trouble. "Let me find him out—or her," he shouted, "and I'll show!"—Yes, Sir Samuel was a very drastic person. His belief in himself had always been as consistent as his contempt for things and theories which had not come within his experience. Everything he said or did, the very clothing he wore—they were no longer words and deeds and cloth—they were Sir Samuel. The white waistcoat of summer-time, the seals that dangled from his watch-chain (largest in the City), became a part of him; but perhaps his most typical and personal hour was on winter nights, sitting firm and solid in easy-chair before the fire, great boots cast off, great feet thrust into great slippers, rarely speaking, with eyes travelling sternly down page after page of some heavily instructive work. Lady Jonson read novels—many surreptitiously. But her great interest

in life was not in novels nor in herself, nor in her four strong sons, nor even in that ill child, wide awake in her solitary white bed. No! He was her interest—Sir Samuel Jonson, the Glue King and future Lord Mayor. He compelled it in those fearful moments when he was joyful; he compelled it when he sulked. Day by day his personality waxed grosser and stronger and more intolerant; and day by day his wife faded into a gentle, uncomplaining habit of existence, wherein the animal had long ceased to wage even mimic war with the spiritual. Not one of her sons inherited anything of her temperament. Each was a mere miniature reproduction of the Knight. These young gentlemen seldom spent an evening at home; but through the leisure hours keys rattled in the door, and heavy boots tramped to bed-rooms, and down again into the night of billiard-saloons, while the odour of shag sent savage glances shooting from Sir Samuel's eyes to Lady Jonson, and the inevitable growl: "I'm nothing, of course! They just make the 'ouse an hotel—that's it—an hotel." Then Lady Jonson would frame excuses and take the blame on her own shoulders, and sometimes retire to her bed-room to cry, which was weak, but she was a woman, and loved her corpulent lord: when he smiled she was happy, and when he frowned life was cold and grey, like a third-rate Salon picture. As time passed, and Sir Samuel drew nearer to the Lord Mayor's chair, and the City doffed its hat lower and lower to her honourable citizen (a commercial journal with a large editor's circulation had lately published Sir Samuel in a billycock hat, with his right finger pointing to a map of London, and no name beneath, but the words "Not to know me is to argue yourself unknown"), he grew still more out of the way of considering his lady. He was rarely actually unkind, except when he lost his temper, but he fell into the way of omitting altogether those little attentions and indulgences that mean so much to a woman of Lady Jonson's temperament. Sometimes, through a long evening, he would not once open his lips, and

often he forgot to say good-night when, at half-past ten, he stalked off to bed, leaving his wife, in consonance with his view of marital life, to wait up for the youngest son, who was still denied a latchkey. Lady Jonson could not forget his forgetfulness—it was the keen sorrow of her life.

She was almost happy in the first period of Madeleine's illness, for it seemed impossible to doubt that the child would recover, and the shock softened Sir Samuel. But the disease swept on, and the hour of the order came that the daily penance must be increased; so Madeleine lay still from ten o'clock each morning till six each evening, her black eyes staring at the ceiling, and the spots in her cheeks glowing as the day passed from red to vermilion. One morning she whispered to her mother, "I think I'll stay in bed to-day." The green baize board was never required again.

Sir Samuel's access of tenderness lasted well into the dregs of Madeleine's illness. He did not change to her, but when the misfortune had become a commonplace of the household he lapsed easily into the old habit of indifference to his wife. Much of his leisure he spent in the sick-room, never doubting that things of the world that interested him must interest his daughter. Columns of political oratory, dreary magazine analyses of social topics, the hundred and one stolid interests of a middle-aged, democratic manufacturer—all, all were offered to the child's intelligence. She lay silent through the verbiage, envied by a world of her own making, thinking her own thoughts, and watching, always watching. She understood the Knight better than he understood himself, and she let him read on, for to read to so excellent a listener was extremely pleasant to him; she divined her mother's thoughts sitting there, the large heliotrope chiffon bow at her throat making her look like some gay-plumaged bird; she knew the hopelessness of the sad green eyes that were so seldom withdrawn from hers; she understood her mother's other sorrow, and through long hours of political speeches she pondered schemes of reconciliation. A



"Good-night, my pretty," he whispered, and creaked to the door.

faint smile played on her white lips when her huge brothers creaked awkwardly into the room, bringing her books and newspapers and exotic sweets, none of which she needed; she smiled, too, as they fidgeted through their brief visits, at their awkward explanations of urgent appointments that shortened their stay, at their promises of a speedy return. She observed everything in those latter days—kindly, shrewdly. So complaisant did she become with the idiosyncrasies of other individualities that her lips never pouted into protest; but once, when the Knight had growled tears into her mother's eyes for some domestic oversight, a thin arm slipped from the bed-clothes, and a hand doubled itself in her mother's palm.

Bed-sores batted on her poor limbs, her face grew whiter daily, her beautiful black hair fell away; yet she lay still—uncomplaining, knowing better than anybody else that the end was only a question of days, but, unlike everybody else, seeing no injustice in this brutal issue to her young life. She possessed the secret of some inexplicable compensation.

The last and the greatest of all the little troubles of her life had not to do with herself.

One Sunday afternoon this trouble lay heavy upon her. Ever in her mind, it was intensified that day by a common incident. Sir Samuel entered with such zest into the ritual of the Sunday morning service that lunch always found him irritable and querulous, and this day a high, harsh voice came shouting to Madeleine as she lay in her white bed; then the slamming of a door, and in another moment her mother was sitting silent by the bed-room fire, her disconsolate eyes staring at the embers. Madeleine's heart filled with pity, while the Knight fell asleep with an easy conscience before the dining-room fire over a magazine article on "The New Astronomy." A few minutes after four o'clock he snored himself into consciousness, wriggled into the perpendicular, blinked at his watch, and remarked in astonished tones, as he had done every Sunday afternoon for years past: "Why, bless my soul! I've been asleep!" Then the Knight stalked upwards, with the magazine under his arm, to Madeleine's room, each stair creaking beneath the flat impact of his foot.

"Well, my pretty," he said, "are you comfy to-day?" Madeleine's silent eyes were empty of any response, but Sir Samuel was not observant. He never expected an answer to a question. That he had asked it was sufficient.

Presently he spoke again, tapping the magazine on his knee: "I have been reading a most interesting article on 'The New Astronomy.' Let me see!"

Sir Samuel read mercilessly onward, page after page, in a full, emphatic voice, and while he read Madeleine thought of a picture she had once seen of a tall, dark cathedral standing in a foreign town, with gargoyles, high up, laughing at the people who passed along the narrow, crooked street. She remembered, and, in remembering, knew that she would never see it—the ray of sunlight that slanted across the cobble stones like a great white road, as if rejoicing—

"Spectroscopic process has placed at our disposal a striking method for detecting the existence" broke in on her reverie. Then her thoughts wandered again, till a drowsy lilt in her father's voice told the beginning of the end. She listened.

"As an illustration of this process," he continued, reading from the magazine, "I shall take a star, which is probably as famous as Algor itself. It is Mizar, the middle-star of the three which form the tail of the Great Bear."

The word "bear" escaped with a great yawn from the Knight's lips. Madeleine cuddled up her legs, and held her breath while her father settled himself, with heavy, uneasy breathing, full length by her side.

"Mathematicians tell us," he went on, holding the book above his head to catch the light, "that the mass of the two component stars which form Mizar is not less than forty times—as great as the—mass—of—our sun!" The book fell with a crash on the floor. Sir Samuel slept.

A faint aroma of port wine, and a still fainter scent of stale tobacco, swept towards her. She lay quite still, watching her mother's unhappy hands nervously entwining each other in her lap. She sighed, and Lady Jonson rustled towards her. Madeleine pursed her thin lips, and her mother stooped to kiss. The child shook her head. "Kiss him," she signed. Her mother did as she was bid, and then moaned in the child's ear, for mother and daughter were very intimate, "He hasn't kissed me for two years." The Knight snored on.

It was dark when her mother left the room, and they were lighting the lamps in the streets below. Madeleine turned her head and looked out of the window. A small feathery cloud was scudding across the sky—the blue was bright behind it, and seven stars pierced through the pale covering. The cloud swept eastward, and the constellation of the Great Bear shone at Madeleine through the second pane of her bed-room window. The tail stretched down to the roofs of the opposite houses—and there was Mizar.

"You are forty times larger than our sun," the child thought, "but you do not frighten me. You never change, and so I am not afraid of you. You see me and I see you, and you shine always, day and night—and you understand that I am very, very ill. I like you, dear Mizar!"

For a long time she stared at the star, till at last the Knight awoke with a terrific final snore. "Bless my soul," he said, "I've been—Ah!" He stepped on to the floor as gently as a kitten, and touched the pillow with his lips (Madeleine had closed her eyes when the Knight stirred). "Good-night, my pretty," he whispered, and creaked to the door.

In the days that followed, Madeleine, almost for the first time in her life, began to look forward. Through all the light hours,

the white sun of noon, the grey of the afternoon, she longed for the night with Mizar in her train. She brooded constantly over this new, glorious, overmastering interest in her life, till her imagination, morbid and highly strung through the unhealthy conditions of her existence, developed her wishes into ardent beliefs. The star became her companion—a part of her life. It was the intermediary for her prayers. It knew her thoughts. It knew the great wish of her life.

One night, it was the eve of her sixteenth birthday, she fell asleep earlier than usual, to dream a most extraordinary dream, wherein she and the star met in the upper heavens and held converse. She told her plaint: "It's making mother unhappy," she said. "They haven't kissed for two years. Change that, dear Mizar, and I won't care any more about getting well. Change it, and I will come and live with you always and do your errands. I will be your little hand-maiden."

Madeleine remembered the dream when she awoke. She believed the incident had really happened, for her feet and hands were cold with the journey through the air. The temerity of her wish frightened her, and she looked anxiously through the window-pane. Mizar blinked mildly, and she fell asleep again, comforted.

At a very early hour the next morning her mother came into the room. Madeleine was asleep; the bedclothes were in disarray, as if she had passed a restless night. Lady Jonson busied herself with the affairs of the sick-room (it pleased the child that her mother should do things with her own hands) till the clock struck eight, when Madeleine awoke and knelt up in bed to say her prayers, as was her custom. And thus she died without any fuss: it had always been her way to give as little trouble as possible.

When Sir Samuel heard his wife cry for him he brushed the crumbs from his waistcoat and tramped upstairs, pushing the cat roughly aside that was sitting outside the bed-room door, for he had only left himself a few minutes to say good-bye to his daughter and to catch his train.

A little later, before they rose from their knees, Sir Samuel drew his wife towards him and kissed her. They prayed on in that position, his arm around her waist, and the dead child above them.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Since the publication in these pages of the account of a botanist, Mr. Dunstan, who found in Nicaragua a flesh-eating tree, I have received various letters from readers of this column quoting parallel instances, and otherwise offering criticism on the incident I detailed. It may be remembered that, with the caution born of a fairly large experience in science hoaxes of old, I declined to subscribe to the Dunstan story as a veritable recital, and preferred simply to suspend my judgment regarding its probability, until either Mr. Dunstan himself or some other travelled botanist should verify or disprove the statements I quoted. It would seem, however, that there is a regular "boom" in carnivorous plants at the present date. I do not mean that the well-known insect-eating habits of the sundew, or Venus' flytrap, are being exploited. The plants which are coming to the front (in the newspapers) are trees big enough to catch and devour chickens, at least. As a biologist, I am interested in these flesh-eating trees: only one will naturally require a good deal more than the mere *ipse dixit* of a newspaper paragraph to convince him of the real existence of the vegetable wonders thus described. What do they say to such reports at Kew? Are they simply treated as substitutes for the sea-serpent or the big gooseberry of the dull season in journalism? Or are we to believe in the flesh-eating trees at all?

The "snake-tree" is described in a newspaper paragraph as found on an outlying spur of the Sierra Madre, in Mexico. It has movable branches (by which, I suppose, is meant sensitive branches), of a "slimy, snaky appearance," which seized a bird that incautiously alighted on them, the bird being drawn down till the traveller lost sight of it. Where did the bird go to? Latterly it fell to the ground, flattened out, the earth being covered with bones and feathers, the debris, no doubt, of former captures. The adventurous traveller touched one of the branches of the tree. It closed upon his hand with such force as to tear the skin when he wrenched it away. He then fed the tree with chickens, and the tree absorbed their blood by means of the suckers (like those of the octopus) with which its branches were covered.

I confess this is a very "tall" story indeed. A tree which is not only highly sensitive, but has branches which suck the blood out of the birds it captures, is an anomaly in botany. Mexico is surely not quite such an unexplored territory that a tale like this should go unverified. I give the story simply for what it is worth. A lady correspondent, however, reminds me that in Charles Kingsley's West Indian papers he describes a similar tree to the Nicaraguan plant of Mr. Dunstan. I have not Kingsley's book beside me; perhaps some kind reader will find the passage for me, copy it out verbatim, and forward it to me, giving the page, edition, and date of the volume? If so, I shall be greatly obliged. Another correspondent writes at length, describing a tree which repeats in its history the snake-tree of the newspapers. This time, however, it is the "man-eating tree of Madagascar," which was discovered long ago, my correspondent says, but which made its re-appearance in the columns of the *Madras Mail* between 1878 and 1882. A human sacrifice was occasionally given to this insatiable vegetable, and the writer of the article described the immolation of a woman victim. The said writer, my correspondent believes, was Mr. Rudyard Kipling. If so, will Mr. Kipling oblige me with some information about the man-eating tree—whether it has been evolved from that clever inner consciousness of his, or whether he was describing a fact? Mr. Kipling we know, and can get at (if he will be so obliging as to reply), but as for the tales in the newspapers—well, "that's another story," as Mr. Kipling himself would say.

I continue to receive, now and then, certain very abusive, and often by no means grammatical, letters regarding the attitude I take with regard to the vivisection question. The writers of such letters (which, I may add, are anonymous) may perhaps like to be informed, once for all, that abuse is not argument; that I have a perfect right to entertain the opinions I hold; that I am quite as anxious to save life and abolish pain (both in men and in animals) as they can possibly be; and, finally, that while their abusive language may please them in the way of inditing it, "it doesn't hurt me," as the stalwart navvy said when his wife took to belabouring him with a broomstick. I only know this, that, apart from my own scientific studies (which some of my correspondents tell me are elementary in the extreme), I should feel perfectly safe in believing in the right and justice of any scientific cause, when, at the back of it, I find the names of all the leading scientists, and of all the physiologists and physicians (with very rare exception), to whom we owe our latest knowledge of the causation and the cure of disease. If I am asked to choose whether, on a question of science and of the absolute need for experimentation (or on one of humanity, either), I should believe in Professor Victor Horsley, Dr. Burdon Sanderson, Professor Michael Foster, and Professor Sir Joseph Lister, on the one side, or in Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Mr. E. Berdoe, M.R.C.S.E., and Mr. Benjamin Bryan, on the other, I, or any other person of rational mind, could be blamed for preferring to put my trust in the men who make it their daily business to discover the secrets of nature, rather than in sentimental persons, who, however kindly and well-intentioned their motives may be, prove to the world that their sympathies are much more easily evoked for the animal creation than for the cure of disease and the prevention of ailments in suffering man.

So, too, the fashion in which lay persons—anti-vivisectionists—will presume dogmatically to contradict men who spend their lives in the pursuit of scientific truth and (what is the same thing) of the means for averting disease and for saving life can only recall to mind the phrase about a certain class of persons who rush in where angels fear to tread. The other day, a newspaper letter clearly described how the germ of tetanus (or lockjaw), bred in the earth, found its way into the body through a wound, and gave rise to the tetanic convulsions. Will it be believed that an anti-vivisectionist, replying to this letter, dogmatically maintained that lockjaw was caused by wounds themselves? and this after a lucid exposition of how the germ of lockjaw had been discovered, and its fatal powers fully tested by experimentation on animals—the only method of research into the effects of germ-life open to us.

I leave this question with the declaration that I find it easier to believe in the humanity, kindness, and uprightness of our scientific teachers than to credit them with being the demoralised wretches who are depicted in the anti-vivisectionist literature. "Hard words break no bones" is a motto all of us may sometimes do well to remember; but it is just going a little too far to suggest that the man who conscientiously believes he can prevent disease by the results gained from experimentation on animals must of necessity be a case-hardened, flinty-hearted wretch.

"THE CITY."

London. By Walter Besant. (Chatto and Windus.)—If there is any author who has established a prescriptive claim to write about London it is Mr. Walter Besant. Some of his best novels draw their pith and savour from old-world chronicles of the City, full of opportunities for the novelist with historic bent, who loves to reconstruct the past because the past is so picturesque. Thackeray used to say he never saw the old statue of Queen Anne in St. Paul's Churchyard without a pang of self-reproach that he had not written a regular history of her epoch. It would have been a wonderful book, audaciously indifferent to policy, intrigue, and all the influences which go to make what is called statesmanship, but full of the actual life of the people, skipping off on any pretext from the great affairs of State to the personal affairs of the actors in endless comedies—a history, in short, which would have made dry-as-dust professors shake their heads, while the mere lover of literature welcomed it as an enlarged edition of "Esmond." Mr. Besant has written about London very much in the Thackerayan spirit. When he meets the Muse of History he salutes her courteously, but passes hurriedly by on the opposite side of the street. The deeds of monarchs have no interest for him, but the routine of a Plantagenet or a Tudor household a great deal. He flatly declines to moralise over Charles II., but he narrates with much sympathy the hard fate of William Blakeney, the mock pilgrim, who flourished on the credulity of the citizens in the year thirteen hundred odd, by pretending to have travelled all over the known world, the various wonders of which he related with infinite resource, though he had never been out of the City of London. "So he stood in the pillory—this poor novelist, who would in these days have commanded so much respect and such solid rewards—he stood in the pillory with a whetstone round his neck, as if he had been a common liar!" Who but a story-teller would have dreamt of rescuing this affecting tale of a most praiseworthy impostor from that Plantagenet period which to so many readers is naught save a chronicle of hewing and hacking, blood and conquest, the prowess of Black Princes and the like? I feel a personal debt to Mr. Besant for having placed the lies of Pilgrim Blakeney in the same glorious category with Falstaff's men in buckram.

There is no doubt that when he gets among the Plan-

was no more the right arm of the Sovereign, and an arm, withal, which could on occasion claim to be a tolerably complete, strenuous, and independent body. So it naturally happens that Mr. Besant's best pages lie among these Plantagenets and Tudors, with their semi-barbaric pomp, their pageants, and their junketings, the keen commercial instincts, the wealth which was accumulated by employers out of the serfdom of the employed, the supremacy of that oligarchy without which Mr. Besant thinks the riches and prestige of the City could not have been built up, the virtues which led to civic distinction, and the rogueries which led to the pillory. It is a series of vivid pictures and of authentic biographies



THE POOL.

which are quite as marvellous as any fables. With unfeigned regret Mr. Besant confesses that the tradition of Dick Whittington has no foundation, for in those days boys did not come to town with twopenny, inspired by the bells of Bow, and rise from poverty and the humblest origin to affluence and power. Whittington was a gentleman who did not begin life by sweeping his master's office or polishing the handle of the big front-door. There is some substance in the tale of the cat—that is to say, Whittington was notoriously fond of an animal of that tribe, but the tabby which cleared the Eastern potentate's domains of vermin is a myth. Not so the anecdote of the famous Lord Mayor's banquet to Henry V. and Queen Katherine, when the fires were fed with the king's bonds to the tune of sixty thousand pounds, which to-day would mean a million and a quarter. There have been rollicking bankrupts who lighted pipe or cigar with banknotes, in the spirit of the Horatian defiance of fortune; but a Lord Mayor who was the king's creditor for sixty thousand, and who calmly made the logs blaze higher with the bonds for that sum, ought to be celebrated in the nursery tales for a feat which is much more marvellous than anything that happened to the legendary Dick.

In the drawings which are here reproduced from Mr. Besant's book there are some pleasant hints of the exterior London at different periods. Chepe in Elizabeth's time was twice as broad as Cheapside, and nobody will deny that Sir Paul Pinder's house in Bishopsgate was as much more picturesque than any modern building in that quarter, as the costume of the Elizabethan gentleman hurrying down Fleet Street is than the garments affected by pedestrians in that thoroughfare to-day. (By-the-way, I wonder whether the lady in this picture is the Elizabethan gentleman's laundress, whom he has some private reason for avoiding.) But the atmosphere of old London—not "the mediæval smell" without which, as Mr. Besant pleasantly remarks, "the true Londoner languished"—is more to me than stones, and I enjoy it most in the chapter in which, with the agreeable license of the novelist, Mr. Besant steps out of the nineteenth century into the sixteenth, and is "privileged to behold John Stow himself in the flesh, and to converse with him, and to walk with him through

THE OLD BULL AND MOUTH INN,
ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

tagenets and the Tudors—not the personages who bore those illustrious names, but the great community which grew up under their sway—Mr. Besant is in his element. Towards the end of the volume his energies begin to flag, not because he is gruelled for lack of matter, but simply because the thought of London as it is now presses heavily upon him. He closes his narrative with some abruptness right in the middle of the second George. He feels that he is drawing too near the time when the glory of the City departed; when the prosperous citizen moved his dwelling west or north; when Lord Mayors ceased to wield the authority of Whittington and Gresham; when the craftsman no longer made the welkin ring with the divers noises so precious to ears less sensitive than our own; when the City

the streets of the City, whose history and origin he knew better than any man of his own age or of any time that has followed him." This is distinctly the most entertaining way of interviewing the old chronicler, though I suppose it will make your professional historian sniff with disdain. Mr. Besant tells Master John Stow that he lives in the present year of grace, and the venerable antiquary merely remarks, "It is nearly three hundred years to come. Bones a' me! Ten generations!" Then Mr. Besant assures him that the "Survey by John Stow" will last as long as the City itself, and the old man pathetically admits that all he has got for it in his own century is a royal license to beg. After this Master Stow takes Mr. Besant for a stroll, points



FLEET STREET IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

out the merchants in the Royal Exchange, "grave and sober men" (what would the learned John say if he could see the gravity and sobriety on the Stock Exchange!); the "City madam," with her dyed hair, her painted face, and her hoops,

the Mitre, and is struck by the politeness of the company, who rise when he enters (so like the manners in a City restaurant to-day!), and who pass so many compliments that no one notices the absence of forks and the frequency with which bones visit the teeth. A flask of wine, with sugar (ugh!), gently exhilarates Master Stow, who also enjoys a pipe, which he says is a great solace to men and "many women." Then they betake themselves to the Globe playhouse, and see a performance of "Troilus and Cressida"; thence to the Falcon Tavern, where they hear Ben Jonson and Alleyn sing, and Mr. Besant observes that "Shakspeare sat for the most part in silence, yet not in the silence of a blockhead in the presence of wits," for "when he spoke it was to the purpose."

Here illusion is somewhat strained, perhaps, for it is obviously so much easier to make a young gentleman at the table say, "Sir, 'tis an excellent song well sung," than to give even an inkling of Shakspeare's humour. Mr. Besant, wiser than some novelists I have heard tell of, declines the task. But he has managed this fantasy of a day with John Stow very happily, and it is much better reading than most essays on bygone manners. We are not so merry as the gentlemen at the Falcon, and our accomplishments and pastimes might not, as Mr. Besant surmises, com-

mand the approval of Sir Philip Sidney, could he walk out of his century into ours and call on the record-breaking cyclist. But our



CHARING CROSS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

inveterate romancer has led him to wrap some ugly features both of an earlier and later civilisation in a softening haze. But his volume is full of felicities, notably the description of the great efflorescence of the national spirit in literature

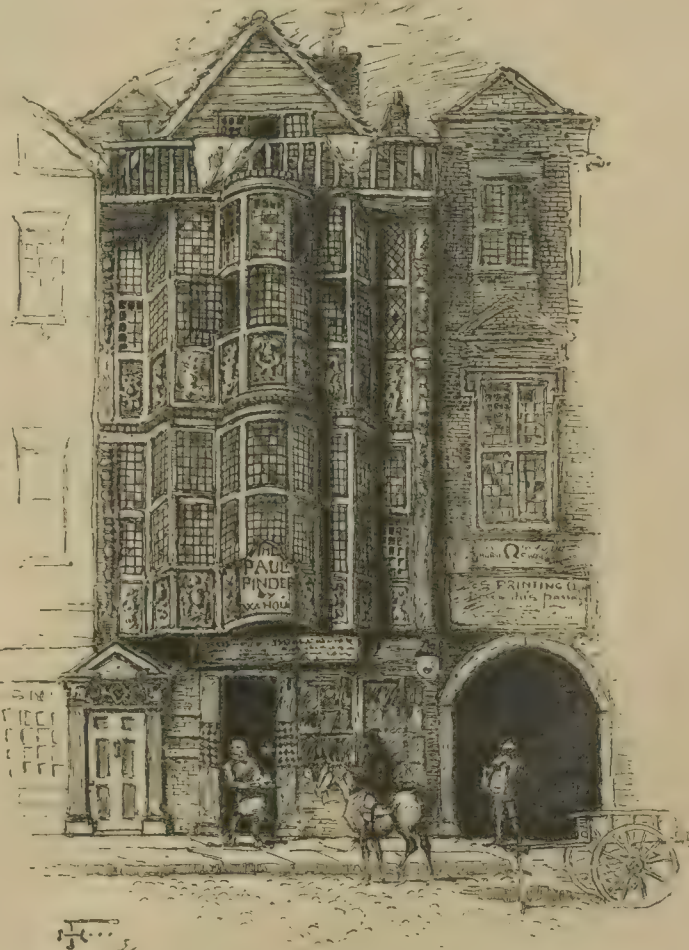


COLD HARBOUR, IN THAMES STREET, ABOUT 1600.

which made her cover as much space as six women; the wedding procession, followed by the funeral, which everybody greeted with bared heads, a goodly custom now dishonoured in the breach. Then Mr. Besant dines with Master Stow at

manners, it is gratifying to learn, are more refined than the etiquette which permitted a lady to drink a pint and a half of wine at a draught,

and did not deter the humbler folk from the unrestrained display of violent emotion. No fleeting vision of the police-courts to-day disturbs Mr. Besant's optimism, and perhaps the pleasant habit of the



FRONT OF SIR PAUL PINDER'S HOUSE, ON THE WEST SIDE OF BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT.

and adventure in Elizabeth's reign. There were two hundred and forty poets then to six millions of English-speaking people, of whom one-half could not read! This proportion of bards is not maintained in our day; and we have fallen far from that high estate in which every cultivated gentleman played the guitar. This may be a heavy price to pay for our modern progress, but, none the less, we appreciate the accomplishments of our ancestors in the pages of Mr. Besant, whose opportunities will be envied a century or two hence by the seeker for the picturesque in the London of to-day.—L. F. AUSTIN.



BRIDEWELL PALACE, ABOUT 1600, WITH THE ENTRANCE TO THE FLEET RIVER, PART OF THE BLACKFRIARS, ETC.



CHEAPSIDE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



HOP-PICKING IN KENT: STRIPPING THE LAST POLE.—BY A. THIEDE.

COLERIDGE AT NETHER STOWEY.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

Whoever drives westward from Bridgwater comes, at the close of his eighth mile, to the long street of a rather pretty village, curiously distant from the world, with miles of meadows between it and the yellow Severn sea, with the lofty ridge of the Quantocks between it and a railway station, with no special attraction of any kind to tempt the trading or the sentimental traveller. A hundred years ago, Nether Stowey was probably a larger, as it certainly was a more important, place than it now is. It was then a market town, and is now a village; it was then on the highway to Lynton and the West, whereas now all that traffic passes south of the Quantock Hills. Of the social life of which we read in Poole's correspondence nothing survives; the five or six hundred persons who now vegetate at Nether Stowey would neither have eyed Wordsworth askance nor have shuddered at Thelwall. They could not have perceived their existence. If anyone pauses in the street of Nether Stowey to-day, it is some stranger who draws rein before a squalid pot-house, near the western end of the village, on the southern side, not a little embarrassed to realise that this shanty was for nearly three years the abode of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

All through the year 1796 the presence of Thomas Poole was tempting the poet to Stowey. Once and again he appeared on a brief visit; on May 15, as Mrs. Sandford prints it, "the famous Mr. Coleridge arrives," but only to depart again in a fortnight. At last, in Christmas week 1796, penurious, melancholy, and philosophic, the "wonderful Man" took up his abode in the rough Somersetshire cottage which still degrades the street. No more unattractive chamber ever held the lamp of genius than the naked hovel, for it is nothing more, which was Coleridge's residence for nearly three years. But the disenchanted visitor of to-day has to conceive it as having been even less impressive and commodious in 1796. In turning it into a public-house it has been enlarged and improved. When Coleridge took it and when he left it, it was just a sordid labourer's cottage, without picturesque, without comfort, without decency. The front door impinged, as it does now, on the street, and a little tavern over the way permitted the poet, or even Sara, to lounge out in slippers for a pint of beer. How it was that to such a retreat even the genius of Coleridge could attract a succession of guests is only to be explained, perhaps, by remembering that the kitchen-garden led directly into the premises of the beneficent and generous Tom Poole.

No illusive mist can arise rosy enough for me to gaze through at the Stowey cottage with anything but a sort of vexation. To put an inscription upon it, as it is now proposed to do, seems to me positively unfeeling. The sorry edifice excites unwelcome images: Samuel lolling in his shirt-sleeves, Sara garrulous at the washing-tub. But if we can wander away from the absolute vicinity of the squalid pot-house, the whole neighbourhood is redolent of Coleridge. It was here, and with an extraordinary promptitude, that his real genius found him. I do not know whether it has been observed that the earliest of these poems, in which his genuine accent was heard, the "Ode to the Departing Year," was begun, if we may trust the dates, a few hours after the poet's arrival at Stowey, in Christmas week 1796. The very atmosphere of the Quantocks seems to have set his genius on fire, and we may even concede that the same air was necessary to keep it brightly burning, for between that time and the summer of 1799, when he finally quitted Nether Stowey, nearly all the great poems of Coleridge's life-time were composed.

The landscape of the neighbourhood of his cottage is closely reflected in Coleridge's verse. It is nobly summed up in the opening lines of "France," written in February 1797, doubtless after a walk in those woods which are still "midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined," in those steep coverts which wrap the feet of Doucebury. He who walks to-day on the rolling Quantocks may easily be persuaded that he has found the identical "green and silent spot, amid the hills, a small and silent dell," in which "Fears in Solitude" was written in April 1798. We read "Frost at Midnight," and seem to be transported to the cottage itself, to Sara fretting in her whitewashed attic because Samuel was muttering verses and would not come to bed. "The Nightingale" brings before us, all unaltered, the chimneys of St. Mary's, the ancient ruined keep that remembers the Lords Audley, the narrow, leafy lanes that mount towards Over Stowey. Nothing of all this is changed, and the moonlight still lingers at Adcombe or at Shorage round "huge, broad-breasted, old oak trees," such as suggested to Coleridge, on one of his moonlight rambles, a shrine for the prayer of Christabel. Finally, "This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison" is so tightly packed with realistic touches, comes to us under so beautiful a light of friendship, is so full, not of Coleridge only, but of Lamb and of Wordsworth also, that we may take it as the final glorification of that poor red cottage. There can be no squalor, no real privation, in a home so tenderly celebrated, and one is almost ashamed of not being able to look at the Nether Stowey public-house with the same eyes. Whether the garden still contains "this little lime-tree bower," the rich walnut-tree, the "fronting elms," and whether "the solitary humble-bee" still "sings in the bean-flower," are questions that the writer of these lines

has never had the courage to answer. The outside of the place is so dingy, so deplorable, the probability seems so great that the garden behind it has sunken to its level, that it has seemed not wise to push across the sanded passage. Far more attractive is it to stroll on to Wordsworth's noble home at Alfoxton, or to climb through the steep lanes up into—

... seaward Quantock's heathy hills,
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
And high o'erhead the skylark shrills.

Here is to be sought the true home of Coleridge's best poetry, not in the untidy, discoloured hovel which ends the dull street of Nether Stowey.

DIANA'S DOGS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The following anecdote is not remarkable for point as it stands, but the circumstances may be worth investigating, either by the Folk-Lore Society or the Society for Psychical Research. We have to do with a tradition, certainly, and perhaps with a spectre of an unusual kind. It is generally admitted that dogs can see ghosts, and perhaps the best attested spectre on record is that of a dog; while the ghost of a bishop, with the ghost of a hound, has been seen near the Bishop's Stone, between the valleys of Ettrick and Ail-Water. But the best authorities on apparitions now hold that they are short-lived, that they gradually fade away—in a hundred years at most. The spectral hounds with which we are con-

course where legend assigns a fane to Diana is, at least, more or less consistent, and, so far, is worth looking into; for we really can place no limit to the vitality of tradition in a population not agitated by schoolmasters and newspapers. People have not very much to talk about; every man drops the legend which he heard as a boy into the ears of his son, who, again, has no temptation to alter the tale, and so, till our own tempestuous days, there has never been any reason why a legend, once well grown, should die out. The village customs which have been studied by Mr. Elton, Mr. Gomme, and others, the quaint rites of special seasons, the odd manorial usages, certainly trace back to heathen times, without break or interruption. Neither the Reformation nor Puritanism uprooted them, and the only cataclysm which could wholly have altered village custom and memory was the English invasion of Britain. If that was as thorough in Norfolk and Suffolk as we are usually told, then it seems barely credible that a Roman legend, or a legend based on Roman religion, should have endured to our age. On the other hand, who was likely to invent a legend of Diana's hounds and Diana's temple in an East Anglian village? And if anyone did invent it, how unlikely it is that such an alien and exotic myth should have taken root in such a soil! The local ghost, then, is, or was, the ghost of a dog, or rather of a pair of dogs leashed together. They are described as large tawny or grey dogs, somewhat like greyhounds, "but with less pointed ears." The older inhabitants, at least, dreaded going through Shingham Woods at darkening, and perhaps the myth may have been invented by a gamekeeper addicted to the classics. The animals were locally called "Billy's dogs," or "Bel's dogs" (probably a classical interpretation of "Billy"), or "Dian's dogs," which is the name that most interests our curiosity.

As late as 1881, the rector of one of these parishes had an adventure with the hounds of Dian, so he told the correspondent who furnishes all these particulars. He was walking through the "Forty-Acre Field" with his own dog, "Stormy" by name, a fine collie. Stormy was an enemy of strange dogs, and, like most of his species, believed that the parish belonged to him, and that it was his duty to bark at anything or anybody unfamiliar. At that time Beachamwell was a parish strictly ordered in doggish matters. No strange unlicensed tykes were allowed to dwell there, and the names of all dogs and of their owners were written down in a paper posted on the church-door. Thus all local dogs were well known to the residents in the parish; there were only fifteen or twenty dogs in all, mostly the property of shepherds or attached to keepers. Therefore the rector, crossing Forty-Acre Field, with Stormy behind him, was amazed by the sight of two large hounds, in leash, leaping out of the wood on the left and skirting the hedge. They "suddenly disappeared" when they came to the limit of the field. The rector cried to Stormy, who, after his doggish nature, should have been running after the two hounds and barking with might and main. But Stormy, with his tail between his legs, was scudding out of the field in an opposite direction. On another day a lady saw a large dun hound, unknown, at the edge of the wood; and Stormy, who was with her, again displayed a superstitious horror. The dog, like the other two, "vanished," whether by merely departing or actually fading into thin air, I do not gather from my information. These are not the common "shriek dog"—the *grande bête*

of Norfolk—but "dreamy, contemplative, elegant creatures, who looked superior beings, and vanished before you could take stock of them." Stormy, who allowed no tyke to pass unchallenged, was afraid of them, and would gladly have vanished, too, if he could. So it is a graceful superstition, and at Beachamwell the parishioners, if they read Théodore de Banville, might say—

C'est Diane qui court dans la noire forêt.

That is all the anecdote; not very pointed, I admit, but with a pleasant classical character, hinting that the Olympians are not utterly departed, and that the "queen and huntress, chaste and fair, goddess of the golden quiver," may still be seen in the moonlit forest. And is there not something alluring in the idea of these stately hounds lingering on the borders of day and night, of field and forest, slipped from the leash of the huntress maiden, from the Olympian world, into a quiet glade of England?

At a meeting of the Metropolitan District Asylums Board, on Saturday, Sept. 17, Sir Edward Galsworthy, the chairman, presented an account of the measures adopted by this board since last May to make provision for infectious disease. In May they had 1642 beds at their disposal for scarlet fever cases; they provided additional accommodation then for 994, and communicated with the Local Government Board and the London County Council with a view to further extension. The Local Government Board sanction of the purchase of a site at Tottenham was not granted until Aug. 11, when the Asylums Board decided to erect a hospital for 400 patients. They got possession of the land on Aug. 22, and it was hoped that the building would be ready by the end of September. There had been a lamentable delay, for which the Asylums Board was not responsible. The new hospital would be opened three weeks too late to prevent the refusal of patients.



Photo by Chaffin and Sons, Taunton.

COLERIDGE'S COTTAGE AT NETHER STOWEY.

cerned, if spectres at all, must be of very old standing—as old as the Roman occupation of Britain. For the narrative I am indebted to a correspondent, being ignorant of the country described and its history.

"Twelve miles from Downham," says my friend, "and five from Swaffham, and from a railroad, lies a cluster of quiet, sleepy little villages." Of these, the first is Beachamwell St. Mary's, which must have been a larger place before the Reformation, as it has the ruins of two churches; next is Beachamwell St. John's, and then Beachamwell All Saints. At Beachamwell St. Mary's, "it is said [on what authority does not appear], was once a temple of the Sun, Bel"—though why the sun should be called "Bel" in this country, one knows not, nor does "Bel-champwell" strike one as a plausible etymology. At the neighbouring village of Shingham is a church with a thatched roof, where, in living memory, the parish clerk was a woman, who led the responses, gave out the hymns, knocked the boys on the head during service, when necessary, and, in the absence of the rector, prepared the young parishioners for confirmation. This village of Shingham is said to have had a temple dedicated to Diana. Not far from Shingham is Caldicott, which, on the same vague evidence, is declared to have possessed a temple of Venus, while Mars was settled (as was natural) not very far off. "Unfortunately there are no proofs of these things," which, indeed, could only be proved by excavation. The tradition is curious, as one can imagine no reason why it should have been invented among a populace not addicted to classical mythology. Possibly some local antiquary may know more about the matter; meanwhile, these villages, and especially Shingham (the site of Diana's temple), are, or were, haunted by spectral hounds. Now, dogs were the sacred animals of Diana; speaking at a distance from books, I believe that dogs were sacrificed to Diana, as to Hecate. They were, in her ritual, what the pig was in that of Demeter. Therefore, the tradition which makes the spectral hounds

TRADE INFLUENCE ON MODERN ITALIAN SCULPTURE.

A walk through some of the principal streets of an Italian city, and, above all, of Florence, that town once renowned beyond all others as the mother and queen of art, reveals to the eye an astonishing spectacle. Shop-window after shop-window is filled with samples of plastic workmanship, works fashioned with no mean skill, and made of the purest, whitest marble; works obviously hewn with infinite labour, and transported at great expense from the heart of the "olive-sandalled Apennines."

So far, so good, since it proves that the Italian craftsman's hand has not lost its cunning, that the plastic workers of the day are in technique nowise behind their predecessors. But how about the subjects upon which the modern sculptor exercises his skill? What are the themes he chooses with which to cater for customers? Alas! alas! shade of Donatello and Ghiberti. The severest of all the arts has become the first to be tainted by the false tendency that is gaining too much in the mental atmosphere of young Italy. Realism, cynicism, and false materialism have produced their pernicious effect upon those artists who are not of the highest type, and have made them greedy of gain and anxious to obtain it, no matter at what cost. And from whom can immediate gain be looked for but from the traveller, the tourist on whom Italy has lived so long; and appeals to the lowest intelligences and least refined tastes of this mass are the most likely to meet with the quickest response. So the needy craftsman sets himself to turn out works like the following. (I take my examples pell-mell, just as chance has brought them under my eye during a late walk through the Via de' Fossi, the chief seat in Florence of these marble abominations.) To begin with some smaller specimens about a foot high and sold at low prices. One represents a little boy and girl. The boy is dressed in jersey combinations, of which the fabric is imitated with careful faithfulness in the marble; he wears a hat much too big for him, which tumbles over his eyes. The little girl has a gown with a short skirt, also carefully imitated as to the stuff, and a bonnet four or five sizes too big for her. The joke seems to reside in this ill-fitting head-gear. Close by stands a number of statues of girls, women, and boys, rather larger, about three feet high. Their name is legion. The little girl, say, is sewing, while the little boy reads; or she is crying over a dead bird, while he is sobbing over a broken plate. One girl holds up a fishing-line, on which she has caught a frog, which she is holding by the hind legs with its head hanging down. One lad smokes a pipe, which is clearly making him feel very ill. Another is gazing askew at a fly that has settled on his nose. Fish-nets, carefully imitated, abound. They seem favourite subjects for showing off manual skill. Sometimes they snap up little allegorical Loves, which also flutter over the heads and at the feet of life-sized young women. Further, there are children, with hens and chickens, whose feathers are worked up with the most elaborate care. A group which was very popular for a while represented a child riding an ostrich. The child's petticoats were elaborately trimmed with *broderie anglaise*. The scrupulous accuracy of the buttons, the ribbons, the ruffles, the straw, the stockings, the beads, which clothe and adorn the images, is saddening to contemplate, representing as they do so many hours of wasted power, and so much money thrown away, by the producers and by the buyers of such works.

A few of the marbles are distinctly improper. Some—as, for instance, a bust of an old man affectionately hugging a plaster image—are only vulgar; some are painful in the extreme. The worst, the very worst of all, represents a child, about two years old, bolted into a high, plain wooden chair, with a box under the seat. The infant, a handsome creature, with well-modelled arms and legs, is howling with its mouth wide open, for the chair is falling, and the babe will inevitably break its head, a big dog, most terribly lifelike and horrid, having thrust himself under the baby's perch to seize a bone, which he is gnawing then and there, regardless of the results of his impetuosity.

Whenever I pass the window where this triumph of realism, verism, naturalism, or whatever sort of "ism" it may be called, is exhibited, I see before it an attentive, if not an admiring, group of people. The block of marble from which the dog is chiselled (even if it has been made in detached portions and put together) must have been large, and there is not a spot or a mark on the whole group. This dreadful thing, whose image rises between our vision and the sun, is made of the choicest and in the choicest way. Is it not terrible to witness such degradation, and in the very home of Michael Angelo? The maker of this abomination—I do not seek to know his name—might truly say, like Victor Hugo's "Nadir": "J'ai tant cherché le beau que j'ai trouvé le laid."

A public for these horrors there must be—and a purchasing public, too—or it would not be worth anyone's while to make them. But who could live in the house with these miscalled works of art? And to think that in the very town where all these horrors flaunt the sky there is, in a quiet street on the unfashionable side of the Arno, a shop which a worker in copper has filled with lovely objects, platters, vases, pitchers, and buckets, braziers, pots for flowers, stands for lamps, things beautiful and elegant in shape, resplendent in colour, and infinite in variety! To see this shop lit up of an evening is a real delight to an artistic eye, and a refreshment after the horrors turned out by the workmen-sculptors' studios. And the pity and the aggravation of it all is that we cannot deny to most of these marble nightmares a certain lifelike character, a certain vigour, a high manual dexterity. Nor is it as though they had nothing whereby to correct their taste. Everywhere the place is full of beauty and of great works of the past. And there are modern sculptors, too—sculptors of to-day, living and dead, whose works are hardly ever seen by the curious crew that gaze into these windows stuffed full of horrors. Pio Fedi, who recently died, has left many beautiful statues, including the group of Achilles and Polyxena under the Loggia de' Lanzi, which half the people who see it do not know for a modern work at all; then there is Albano, a Calabrese, full of life and fire, who has presented his work, "The Thief," suggested by Dante's "Inferno," to the New York Metropolitan Museum; and there is Carniello, whose studio is full of sculpture showing rugged power, tenderness, dainty fancy, and perfect anatomical knowledge. But, for reasons not quite evident, though it could be explained in the *camorra* spirit that still pervades all Italian life, it is not to these men that are given the commissions for public monuments. Hence, also, of the modern sculpture that adorns the streets of Italian towns little that is good can be said. More might surely be made, for instance, artistically of the ubiquitous Garibaldi, who was a very handsome man, and who dressed, if not sculpturally, at least picturesquely. And if neither Victor Emmanuel nor Cavour lends himself to sculpture, still, surely, both men could be made to present appearances at least a little more dignified and in keeping with their fame and merits. Victor Emmanuel's statue at Lucca has not even the rugged dignity which distinguished the "Re Galantuomo" in life; while the terrible object Florence has upraised to the

King's memory on the site of the historic Mercato Vecchio—now all pulled down to make room for modern barrack-like houses—one cannot find words strong enough to condemn. It is so wooden and meaningless.

Now, how is it that the traditions of old days have been so completely forgotten? Alas! it is trade that is at the bottom of the mischief. Like the Yankee pedlar's razors, the horrors in the shop-windows are made to sell. In the end it is the buyer's fault. He has no cultured mind to appeal to, no imagination to be consulted, no taste to be shocked. He merely seeks to let folks know that he is rich enough to spend "thus much moneys." The demon of *réclame* prompts him, as it does the wretches who consult his vitiated desire for notoriety. So long as money is the only standard of value, so long the greater part of the products of human labour must be artistically valueless.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

CHESS.

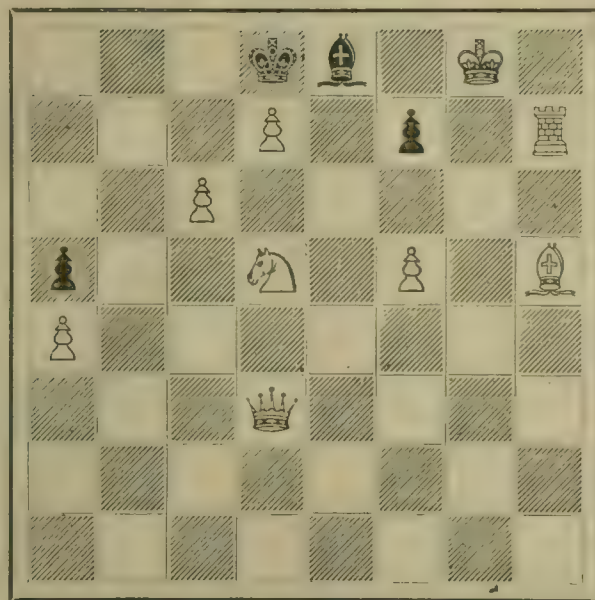
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

- J. SMITH (Millbrook, Jersey).—The answer to your move of R to Q 5th is K takes R. What is there to defend it?
- H. CLARKE (Bangalore).—The defence against your move of No. 2515 is P to Q 4th. There is now no mate on the second move.
- L. M. (Bottle).—We cannot understand your objection to our solution of No. 2522. The move you make of K takes B is utterly impossible in the position as printed. Apparently you have applied the solution of No. 2522 to Problem No. 2517.
- J. NEUMANN (Chertsey).—The mates are very clean and pretty, but the problem itself is rather too simple.
- J. HERNALD (Hamilton, Ontario).—We do not see how your problem is to be solved if Black play 1. P to Q 3rd; but in any case it is rather too elementary for this column.
- E. F. (Hull).—Many thanks; very acceptable.
- A. F. CAMSTER (Portland, U.S.A.).—Your problem has many good points, but, like most of its class, the dual mates completely spoil it. The mate threatened on the move is chiefly responsible for this.
- H. DOWNS (Hornsey).—The moves were, unfortunately, transposed in copying from manuscript, and the subsequent correction seems to have overlooked the particular move mentioned.
- J. F. MOON. 1. R takes B, Kt to K 4th, 2. R takes Kt, yields a second solution to your problem.
- Dr. F. ST. 1. Kt to K 4th, K takes Kt, 2. Kt to K 7th, and 3. R mates, seems a true bill against your last problem.
- J. HOLLOWAY.—We think your problem cannot be solved even by your own solution. If Black play R to Kt 4th, you continue 2. Q to K B 8th, and R takes Kt stops mate next move.
- C. T. BLANCHARD.—We cannot see a mate if K takes Kt. The B K plays to K B 4th next move.
- C. BURNETT. 1. Q to Kt 5th (ch), K to Q 5th, 2. K to Q 2nd, is another way of solving your problem.
- W. PERCY HIND. Please submit both problems on a diagram to avoid any mistakes.
- SIGNOR ASPA. Smart, amusing, and very acceptable.
- CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2514 received from B. W. La Mothe and O. H. B. (Barkly East); of No. 2519 from O. H. B. Mrs. Gilmore (Hingham) and Miss Gilmore (Bunker); of No. 2520 from F. A. Holloway (Grand Rapids, Mich.) and O. H. B.; of No. 2521 from F. A. Holloway; of No. 2522 from Jacob Benjamin (London) and B. W. La Mothe; of No. 2523 from Jose Saver (Portugal); F. A. Holloway; and B. W. La Mothe; of No. 2524 from B. W. La Mothe and M. A. Eyre (Geneva); of No. 2525 from John M. Morat (Geneva); J. D. Tucker (Leeds); John M. Robert (Crossen); M. A. Eyre; W. Pearce (Kinsale); Jose Syder; and Hill Top; of No. 2526 from W. P. Hind (Scarborough); Alpha, Vi (Constantinople); W. Mullar (York); Archibaldson Hamilton (Limerick); Hill Top; John M. Morat; G. Nuttall; J. D. Tucker; W. Pearce; W. Mackenzie; and W. Pearce, jun. (Leeds).
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2527 received from Hereward, A. Newman, Columbus; W. B. B. (Plymouth); J. Hall; P. Roberts; J. L. Calsi; A. J. B. Baxter (Perth); Dr. F. St.; H. S. Brandreth; Drayton (Clara); Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth); Martin P. G. Joicey; J. Neumann; J. Ross (Whitley); L. Schlu (Vienna); J. D. Tucker; Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly); W. Guy, jun. (Johnstone); W. P. Hind; Z. Ingold (Frampton); W. Pearce; P. Wells; W. Wright; Alpha, Sorrento (Dawlish); J. R. Dow; J. Worters (Canterbury); John Hodgson (Malden); G. E. Perugini; W. F. Payne; Fr. Fernandez (Paris); Bluer; B. D. K. Sandford; H. B. Hurford; R. E. H. R. H. Brooks; Julia Shore (Market Drayton); J. Coad; J. P. Moon; Blair H. Cochrane (Clewer); Admiral Brandreth; Joseph Willcock (Chester); F. J. Knight; M. Burke; and R. W. G. Anderson (Eastbourne).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2525—By A. G. STUBBS.
WHITE.
1. Q to K Kt sq.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2529.
By B. W. LA MOTHE (New York).
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN THE ISLE OF MAN.
Game played between Messrs. R. K. LEATHER and R. S. CORLETT.
(Salvio Gambit.)

- | | | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|-----------------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. L.) | BLACK (Mr. C.) | WHITE (Mr. L.) | BLACK (Mr. C.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 18. K to Kt sq. | Castles (Q R) |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P takes P | 19. P to Q 4th | B to R 3rd |
| 3. Kt to K B 3rd | P to Kt 4th | | |
| 4. B to B 4th | P to Kt 5th (ch) | | |
| 5. Kt to K 5th | Kt to K R 3rd | | |
| 6. K to B sq. | P to K 6th | | |
| 7. P to Q 4th | P takes P (ch) | | |
| 8. B to B 4th | P to Q 3rd | | |
| 9. K takes P | B to K 2nd | | |
| 10. Kt to Q 3rd | | | |
| 11. P to Q B 3rd | | | |
| Up to this the game has proceeded on book lines, and the positions are considered equal. Kt to B 2nd is here given as the continuation, and we slightly prefer it. | | | |
| 12. K R to B sq. | Kt to Q B 3rd | 20. Kt to Q 5th | Q takes P (ch) |
| 13. Q to Q 2nd | Kt to Q R 4th | 21. B to K 3rd | Q takes P |
| 14. Kt to Q R 3rd | Kt takes B | 22. Kt (at Q 3rd) to Kt 4th | |
| 15. Kt takes Kt | B to Q Kt 4th | 23. B takes Q R P | R to Q 2nd |
| This drives the Kt to a better square, and weakens his own position. | | | |
| 16. Kt to K 3rd | Q to K 2nd | 24. P to Q Kt 3rd | P to Q Kt 3rd |
| 17. Q R to K sq. | Q takes P (ch) | 25. R to Q B sq. | K to Kt 2nd |
| A good attacking move. White plays throughout with great care. | | | |
| 18. Kt to K 4th | | 26. K R to K sq. | P to Kt 6th |
| There is no time for this. Kt to B 4th at once is more to the purpose. | | | |
| 19. P takes P | Kt to Kt 5th | 27. P takes P | |
| 20. Kt takes Q B P | | 28. Kt takes Q B P | |
| A very fine move, for if he takes Kt the game is immediately lost by R takes R, K to K 7th (ch), &c. | | | |
| 21. B takes P | Q to K R 4th | | |
| 22. Kt (at Kt 4th) takes B | K takes B | | |
| 23. Kt to Kt 4th | K to R 2nd | | |
| 24. Kt to Kt 4th | K to Kt 2nd | | |
| 25. Kt to Kt 4th | K to Kt 2nd | | |
| 26. Kt (at Kt 4th) to Q 5th, and wins. | | | |

The match at Belfast between Messrs. Bird, Blackburne, Lee, and Mason has, so far, gone in Mr. Blackburne's favour.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Perhaps the very interesting article on the Queen's dolls, which her Majesty permits the *Strand Magazine* of September to publish, may give dolls a revival of popularity. There are one hundred and thirty of those royal toys, of which thirty-two were dressed by Princess Victoria alone. They comprise operatic celebrities and ballerine in full costume, historical celebrities in the correct garb of their period, and ladies and children contemporary with the date when the puppets were dressed, one of the last named class, Lady Arnold, having the honour of appearing in five different gorgeous gowns. A touch of pathos is in one of her Majesty's notes to Miss Low's article: "None of her Majesty's children cared for dolls as she did, but then they had girl companions, which she never had. Miss Victoria Conroy came to see her once a week, and occasionally others played with her, but with these exceptions she was left alone with the companionship of her dolls." Poor little solitary child, with a great future already shadowing her life!

It is a touching circumstance that the first practical offer of help that reached unhappy Hamburg from the outside world was a message from Princess Henry of Prussia, the daughter of the lamented Princess Alice of England. That daughter of our Queen, famous even in her girlhood for her loving unselfishness and for a wisdom and sympathy which enabled her mother to lean absolutely on her in the great sorrow of the Queen's life, was equally distinguished for her untiring and practical benevolence as the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse. Numerous institutions for the benefit of others in her Duchy owed their origin to her; and she was wont to visit, unattended and unknown, the homes of the poor women whose names were on the books of her maternity charity, and wash the baby and tidy the room like an ordinary nurse. Her daughter is evidently of a like spirit, and her inquiry of the Mayor of Hamburg (so gratefully acknowledged by him) whether money, food, or clothing was needed in that stricken town has directed a very needful stream of national charity towards it from the rest of Germany. Assuredly the need must be great where so terrible a pestilence has raged and ravaged, disorganising industry and destroying homes on so great a scale.

Much interesting and some amusing correspondence has reached me on the subject of women preaching. I was not previously aware, as I now am, that many members of the Church of England had already written in favour of a wider use of women's gifts in this direction; but Miss R. (one of that Quaker family to whom is due the establishment of the model manufacturing town of Bessbrook, where there is not one public-house or policeman) sends me several documents in which, as she puts it, "the views of Friends on women's ministry are set forth by members of the Church of England." The most interesting of these papers is one, written nearly half a century ago, and in emphatic terms, by the Rev. Dr. Marsh. This venerable clergyman had a potent argument for his opinion on the matter in the person of his daughter. Miss Catherine Marsh was, in her day and her way, an evangelist and preacher of wide fame and singular power—though, of course, she spoke only in unconsecrated buildings.

Her father's rectory at Beckenham was within easy reach of a large encampment of navvies, nearly 3000 in number, who were busy making a railway and preparing the grounds, excavating the foundations, and so on, for the removal of the Crystal Palace (the Great Exhibition building of 1851) to its present site. These men were gathered from many regions, they were separated from all their home comforts and influences, and they were undoubtedly, as one of them told Miss Marsh when she first went among them, "a lot of rough 'uns." Miss Marsh began by visiting the sick; but shortly after she opened in their midst what she modestly called a "Bible class," but what was, in fact, a full religious service, held three times weekly. The little lady soon obtained unbounded influence among her strong, rough flock, and she preached to them with that peculiar emotional power and persuasiveness that is alone capable of influencing such a class. Reclaimed drunkards, swearers who prayed, men proud of their fighting powers who forgave offences and spoke of peace, neglectful sons who made amends, victims of accident who died in joyous hope, were soon recorded to her ministry in such numbers, and so surprisingly was the neighbourhood improved, that her work became famous far and wide, though without any seeking of such publicity on her own part. She was, in fact, a "Salvation Army" in her own person. No matter how such results are achieved, whether by emotional or by logical means, it is a matter for rejoicing when the change of life is truly and permanently induced; and it is no wonder that Dr. Marsh advocated the preaching of women when his daughter, in her quiet, unobtrusive way, had so proved her "call" to do that work.

Archdeacon Govett, I may here remark *en passant*, was quite correct in saying, in these columns, in the issue of Sept. 10, that the exclusion of women even from church choirs is an indication that females were regarded in the Church in past times as "inferior and baser beings." In olden days it was customary to separate the sexes in our churches. There are tokens of this having been the habit in the structure of many of the ancient buildings, as well as in the records. In these cases the women were restricted to the north side. "The reason was this," says the Rev. E. Blenkinsopp: "the south side of the nave and choir, as far as the altar rails, is the side of honour. The bishop's throne is on this side, also the dean's stall, and the priest in communicating the people begins on that side." Therefore, as explained more at length in "Durandus on Symbolism" (I know not what that is, but tell the tale as it was told to me), "the north being the inferior side, is the women's side of the church."

Ceiling papers are now universally employed for the reception-rooms of all houses that profess to be well decorated. As far as artistic appearance goes they are decidedly to be preferred to blank white expanse; but, of course, they are more trouble and expense to renew than whitewash, and hence are doubtful advantages on the score of cleanliness. We who dwell in towns must try to strike a happy mean betwixt having a drawing-room as bare as a hospital ward to oblige the sanitarians, and one crowded with dust-traps at the dictates of the artistic furnishers. A delicate and artistic ceiling-paper is a remarkable addition to the good looks of a reception-room. But there are already housewives no longer content with ceiling paper in this London, where people demand some new thing constantly. In one smart house there is now a ceiling covered with Japanese matting, held up by split bamboos, which traverse the matting in lines converging from the frieze to the centre—that centre where, in unsophisticated days, beamed the gaudy crystal gasolier, now vanished from the earth. In another house a large brown twine sea fishing-net forms the decoration of the smoking-room ceiling; it is artistically draped from the centre to the sides, and, where it "bags" most, various pretty shells and dried seaweeds are carelessly cast about, inside the meshes.



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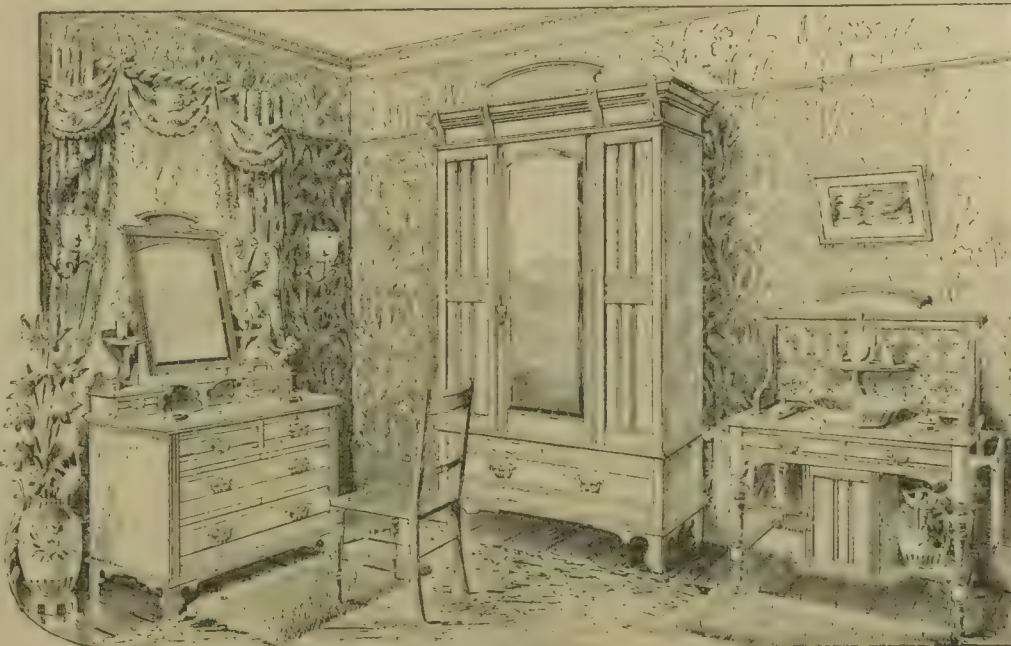
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application.

POSITION OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

The *North China Herald*, of Shanghai, in a recent leading article, describes what it calls "the mat-and-bedquilt theory of government" in that country. It says that the traveller who is strolling about the principal thoroughfares of Peking is liable, at a crossing of two main streets, to find a huge screen of patchwork cloth suspended from poles in such a way as to obstruct the view from all sides, only a narrow opening being left for carts and pedestrians. Pursuing his way, he notices that the entrance to all the many alleys is barricaded with rush-mats, and that the same kind of screen is placed in front of ruined temples and vacant lots which have been used as the places of deposit of filth or rubbish. Whenever the Emperor is about to make his exit from the city or is about to return, criers announce that fact to the people, who then disappear, not to emerge until the invisible monarch has passed, when things go on as usual until the next occasion of a like nature. There are two main benefits supposed to be attached to this characteristically Oriental proceeding—it helps to preserve the fiction of the sacredness of the person of the Emperor, and of his being something other than an ordinary mortal, and it is a valuable check upon reckless assassins of the Guiteau type, whom China could easily furnish in unlimited numbers. A third result is incidental. As the people see nothing of the Emperor, so he sees nothing of the people. He is probably the only man in China who is unable to form any idea of what the Chinese are like or what they are about. What is seen in the Imperial Court is no type either of China or of the Chinese, but it must be a literal impossibility for the Emperor to get anything else upon which to base a notion of his empire. What does the Emperor think, how much does he know, what does he think that he knows, does he think at all, what is the specific gravity of the darkness in which he perpetually abides, and how many bent rays of light reach him through the opaque oyster-shells known as "Boards"? This mat-and-bedquilt theory of government is not confined to the Emperor, but runs all the way through the ranks of officialdom. The district magistrate is supposed to be the man that knows his district, and the prefect the man that knows his prefecture; but these are mere figures of speech used in a purely ideal way. No one in a district knows less of what is going on within its boundaries than the chief officials; no one would have more trouble in finding out what is going on, supposing he really desired to know. As a rule, there is no one who really cares less to know, or who considers it less his business to know, provided the taxes are paid and the people are "tranquillised." It is very difficult for most Chinese officials to come to any useful

conclusion as to their duties, for the reason that they generally have too little interest in the matter, and are in reality almost as much pinioned in shackles as the prisoners at the doors of their *yaméns* wearing wooden platforms about their necks, but with this difference, that the sentence on the prisoner is for a definite term and end, while that of the official is too often limited only by his life. Chinese officialdom is largely shut up in a shell, just as it was a generation ago, and if we hear the hammering within it is much more likely to be a defence against those outside to prevent their breaking in than an effort on the part of the imprisoned to get out.

The cholera panic in the harbour and city of New York has much subsided. In the State of Arkansas disputed negro voting at elections has provoked sanguinary conflicts between negroes and white citizens, and some have been killed.

The "Postmen's Federation," which has 4000 members, held its first annual conference in London on Friday, Sept. 16, and resolved that the minimum rate of pay should be twenty shillings a week, the yearly increase of pay two shillings, and the maximum pay forty shillings a week in all large towns; a less proportion in smaller towns.

The movement for a memorial towards the late Bishop Harold Browne will now be energetically prosecuted, and there is no doubt it will be enthusiastically supported. The new Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Thorold, promises to be very popular. At the famous venison dinner in Farnham, the other day, the most cordial references were made both to him and to his predecessor.

The removal of the wreck of the ship *Benvenue*, at Sandgate, Kent, by order of the Trinity House Board, was begun on Saturday, Sept. 17, when six charges of nitro-glycerine were fired, blowing out the bow and stern. It would require nearly a fortnight to remove the entire hull and the masts. The wreck has lain, since last November, five hundred yards from the shore.

It is expected in India that the Duke of Connaught will be appointed Commander-in-Chief on the retirement of Lord Roberts early next year. The uneasy relations with neighbouring States beyond the Hindoo Kush are further complicated by the outbreak of a rebellion in Chitral.

The centenary of the battle of Valmy, the first military victory won by the French Revolutionary army, under Dumouriez and Kellermann, against the Prussians and the Royalists, was celebrated on Sept. 22, at that place, in the presence of M. Bourgeois, Minister of Public Instruction of

the French Republic. It is remarkable that among the volunteer officers in that battle was Louis Philippe d'Orléans, afterwards king, grandfather of the Comte de Paris, who now claims the throne. Goethe was also present, on the other side, in the suite of the Grand Duke of Weimar.

The concession granted by the German Imperial Government to persons at Hamburg for the occupation of Damara-land, in South-West Africa, north of the Cape Colony, and for working the copper or other mines there, has been transferred to the South-West Africa Company, recently formed in London.

In a brief notice of the explorations at Persepolis, from which casts are being made for the British Museum, it should have been explained that Mr. Cecil Smith organised the expedition, but Lord Savile liberally provided the main part of the funds, and Mr. Herbert Weld-Blundell actually conducted the exploring party. Mr. Cecil Smith has requested us to mention the important share of the other gentlemen in this work.

A marble statue of the late Mr. W. Crawford, M.P., Secretary of the Durham Miners' Association, has been erected in that city, in front of the Miners' Hall, close to the statue of the late Alexander McDonald. It was unveiled on Saturday, Sept. 17, by Mr. W. H. Patterson, the present secretary. The Mayor, with Mr. David Dale, Mr. T. Burt, M.P., Mr. J. Forman, and others, took part in the proceedings.

In Egypt, much anxiety has been caused by an excessive rising of the Nile, but vigorous efforts are made to strengthen the banks and prevent floods in the Delta below Cairo.

The Government of the French Republic has arranged how to apply to public uses a sum of money bequeathed to the State by an engineer who died ten years ago. Part of the money is to be spent in rebuilding the French hospital at Constantinople; other portions go to the Naval and Colonial School at Brest, to a military school, to aid the War Office in experiments with aerostatic machines, to endow special school prizes, and to provide small marriage gifts to deserving girls educated in charity schools.

Commemorative monuments are more and more in fashion in this late age. The ruined château of Vaucouleurs, in French Lorraine, associated with the early history of Joan of Arc, has been purchased by the Bishop of Verdun, who proposes to build a memorial cathedral there. At Vannes, in Brittany, where Le Sage attended a Jesuit school, a bust of the author of "Gil Blas," with the figure of a young peasant-girl offering him a sprig of broom in flower, has been erected and unveiled.

MAN, BRUTE, and the INANIMATE CLOD!

Extinguish all Emotions of Heart, and what differences will remain—I do not say between Man and Brute, but Man and the mere INANIMATE CLOD?—CICERO.

It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well; 'tis Divinity that stirs within us, and intimates Eternity to Man.—ADDISON.



PLATO'S MEDITATION ON SOCRATES' SKULL, POPPY, AND BUTTERFLY.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

We have for the last four years used your "Fruit Salt" during several important Survey Expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of "Fruit Salt" had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used the "Fruit Salt" two and three times a day. The "Fruit Salt" acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation, and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly,

Commander A. J. LOFTUS, his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer.

E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs.

To J. C. Eno, Esq., London.

Bangkok, Siam, May 1883.

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HOME RULE PROBLEM in the Political World means NEGOTIABLE BALLAST; in the SANITARY WORLD, a diffusion of Sanitary knowledge.—"The producing power of a country depends on the healthiness and vigour of the population; and the statesmanship which takes away the causes of ill-health, and ensures a wholesome condition of the people in their homes, does most to increase the wealth and the happiness of the nation."—*Daily News*.

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FROM ENGLAND TO SYDNEY ON BOARD THE SAMUEL PLIMSOLL.

Dear Sir,—I have just received a letter from my daughter, who sailed for Sydney last April as assistant matron of the Samuel Plimsoll, in which she says: "I am sorry, indeed, Dad, to hear how the winter has tried you. Make up your mind to come out here. You will never regret it; and don't forget to bring some ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'" It was the only cure on board for sea-sickness. I gave it nearly all away to those who were ill, those seemed to revive them, and they soon began to rally under its soothing influence."—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, TRUTH.

Mr. J. C. Eno.

Asylum Road, Old Kent Road, S.E.

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1000 things in Household, Shop, Factory, and
on Shipboard.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1890), with three codicils, of the Right Hon. Lord Winmarleigh, late of Winmarleigh, Lancashire, who died on July 11, was proved on Sept. 9 by Viscount Cross, the Hon. W. H. Cross, the Hon. Ellinor Wilson-Patten, the daughter, and Spencer Walpole, Esq., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £51,358 2s. 5d. The testator states that Lady Headfort having, owing to the failure of his male issue, become entitled to the family estates at Winmarleigh and other places (subject to testator's life interest) under the will of her late husband, Captain Eustace J. Wilson-Patten (the ultimate remainder in the said estates having, by Captain Wilson-Patten's marriage settlement, been limited to his heirs and assigns on failure of male issue of the testator, and Captain Wilson-Patten having left "all his property" to his widow, Lady Headfort), and having been of opinion that her late husband did not intend his will to apply to the family estates, conveyed the ultimate remainder in the said estates to the testator during his lifetime. The testator, as appears from a memorandum which he left with his will, did not think it right to take full advantage of this conveyance voluntarily executed, and accordingly, by his will, leaves Lady Headfort the rents and profits of the said estates during her life, and devises the ultimate remainder to her on the deaths of his granddaughters and daughters without issue. The remainder of Lord Winmarleigh's estates are divided as follows: certain estates at Woodchurch and elsewhere are settled on the Hon. Mrs. Lumley; part of the Warrington estates are settled on Miss Evelyn Louisa Wilson-Patten, and the remainder of the Warrington property is left to the Hon. Ellinor and Elizabeth Wilson-Patten and to survivor for life. In each of the last-mentioned cases the limitations are carried through the granddaughters and their respective issues, the daughters, and the testator's nephew, Lord Churston, and his issue, the ultimate remainder being to Lord Winmarleigh's right heirs. The whole of the personal estate, except what is required for legacies, is left to testator's daughters absolutely. The plate, pictures, and books are settled as heirlooms. The testator bequeaths the following legacies—Warrington Infirmary, £500; Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in further endowment of St. Luke's Church, Winmarleigh, £500; Lord Cross, W. H. Cross, and Spencer Walpole, £200 each; £100 each to several relatives and friends; John White, agent, £700; Thomas Wilkinson, bailiff, £200; and various legacies to servants.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1889), with two codicils (dated Aug. 29, 1890, and Feb. 4, 1892), of Mr. Robert Attenborough, late of 56, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, who died on Aug. 23 last, was proved on Aug. 31 by Robert Percy Atten-

borough and Walter Annis Attenborough, the sons, and Stanley James Attenborough, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £66,000. The testator gives £500, a further sum of £500 at the end of six months, the use during that period of his house and furniture, horses and carriages, and the income of £3200 Waterworks Stock, to his wife; £2000, upon trust, to his daughter Amy; £100 to his executor Stanley James Attenborough; and £30,000, upon specific trusts, to his daughters Mary Ann Barney, Emily Elizabeth Ridgway, Jessie Percival, and Amy. The deceased states that he has left out his daughter Fanny Robinson on account of her being already provided for. The goodwill of his business, carried on at Duke Street, Manchester Square, and 1, Gray's Buildings, together with the fixtures and fittings thereof, he gives to his son Robert Percy Attenborough, if he shall exercise the power given him by the said will of purchasing the pledge stock at lending value and stock-in-trade at cost price. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two sons, Robert Percy Attenborough and Walter Annis Attenborough.

The will (dated May 4, 1883), with four codicils (dated Aug. 3, 1883; April 22, 1886; March 22, 1889; and May 28, 1892), of Mr. Henry Vigne, late of The Oaks, Woodford, Essex, who died on July 20 last, was proved on Sept. 2 by Mrs. Priscilla Lord Vigne, the widow, Algernon Tatham, and John Henry Vigne, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £53,000. The testator gives £3000, his carriages and horses and household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Priscilla Lord Vigne; £100 to the Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, New Bridge Street; and legacies and annuities to relatives, friends, and servants. Certain freehold land at Pottom, Cambridgeshire, and Woodford he devises to his nephew, Thomas A. Vigne. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon specific trusts, to his wife and children, and, in default of issue, upon other trusts, to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his said nephew.

The will (dated April 20, 1886) of Mr. Philip Vanderbyl, late of 51, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park, formerly M.P. for Portsmouth and Bridgwater, who died on May 14 last, was proved on Sept. 8 by Mrs. Sara Eliza Vanderbyl, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £50,000. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife.

The will (dated July 13, 1891) of Mr. William Coleman Burns, late of Newport, Rhode Island, United States of America, who died on May 15 last at 115, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, was proved on Sept. 2 by Walter Hayes Burns, the brother, and one of the executors, the value of the

personal estate being sworn to exceed £24,000. The testator gives all his property to his brother, Walter Hayes Burns, absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1878) of Mr. John MacGregor ("Rob Roy MacGregor"), formerly of Blackheath, but late of Lochiel, Boscombe, Bournemouth, who died on July 16 last, was proved on Sept. 7 by Colonel Henry Grey MacGregor, the brother, and Major Edward Owen Hay, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testator gives £500 to each executor; £100 each to the Pure Literature Society, the Ragged School Shoeblack Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Army Scripture Readers' Society, and the Royal Naval Scripture Readers' Society; his first "Rob Roy" canoe to the Royal Canoe Society; £500 to each unmarried daughter of his father-in-law, Sir James A. Caffin; and £250, his household furniture and effects, and an annuity during widowhood of £500 to his wife, Mrs. Annie Bethia MacGregor. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1883), with a codicil (dated May 4, 1892), of Mr. James Cowper, late of Sunnyside, Elm Grove, Southsea, who died on May 5 last, was proved on Aug. 24 by William Payne and Joseph Starling Blake, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. The testator bequeaths £250, and his furniture and household effects to his wife, Mrs. Jessie Miller Cowper; £100 to each executor; £7000, on trust, to his son, James Johnston Cowper; and an annuity of £50 to his mother. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his children, in equal shares. Should Mrs. Cowper marry again, she is to receive £150 per annum.

The will of Captain William Grant Stairs, late of the Savage Club, who died on June 9, at Chinde, on the East Coast of Africa, was proved on Sept. 2 by Sir Charles William Wilson and Surgeon Thomas Heayte Parke, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £1223.

"A Sketch of the Chemical History of the Air," the title of Mr. W. J. Russell's address in the chemistry section of the Sanitary Congress at Portsmouth, was highly suggestive to the imagination. He showed what vast quantities of dust are always present in the atmosphere, rising to great altitudes, usually invisible, but appearing in haze whenever the air is charged with moisture. It is increased by ordinary combustion, by volcanoes, and by salt evaporation from the sea. Doubtless it is charged with spores and germs of organic life, but he did not think epidemics were often spread by the air.



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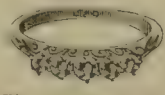
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 **NOTICE.**
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be
obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN
RUG CO. 217. FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

A BISHOP AS POET AND COOK.

Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, senior prelate of the Episcopal Church in the United States, is an enthusiast upon the subject of New England corn cake, and has incorporated in verse his views as to how the delicacy should be made. The recipe, as it recently appeared in the *Hartford Times*, has this prologue—

A forgetful old Bishop,
All broken to pieces,
Neglected to dish up
For one of his nieces
A receipt for "Corn Pone,"
The best ever known.

So he hastes to repair his sin of omission,
And hopes that in view of his shattered condition
His suit for forgiveness he humbly may urge.
So here 's the receipt, and it comes from Lake George.

THE RECIPE.

Take a cup of cornmeal
(And the meal should be yellow),
Add a cup of wheat flour
For to make the corn mellow;
Of sugar a cup, white or brown at your pleasure
(The colour is nothing, the fruit is the measure);

And now comes a troublesome thing to indite,
For the rhyme and the reason they trouble me quite;
For after the sugar, the flour and the meal
Comes a cup of sour cream, but unless you should steal
From your neighbours I fear you will never be able
This item to put upon your cook's table;
For "sure and indeed," in all towns I remember,
Sour cream is as scarce as June buds in December.

So here an alternative nicely contrived
Is suggested your mind to relieve,
And showing how you without stealing at all
The ground that is lost may retrieve.
Instead of sour cream take one cup of milk,
"Sweet milk!" what a sweet phrase to utter!
And to make it cream-like put into the cup
Just three tablespoonfuls of butter.

Cream of tartar, one teaspoonful, rules dietetic—
How nearly I wrote it down tartar emetic!—
But no; cream of tartar it is without doubt,
And so the alternative makes itself out.
Of soda the half of a teaspoonful add,
Or else your poor corn cake will go to the bad;
Two eggs must be broken without being beat,
Then of salt a teaspoonful your work will complete.
Twenty minutes of baking are needful to bring
To the point of perfection this "awful good thing."
To eat at the best this remarkable cake
You should fish all day long on the royal-named lake,
With the bright waters glancing in glorious light
And beauties unnumbered bewild'ring your sight,
On mountain and lake, in water and sky;
And then, when the shadows fall down from on high,
Seek "Sabbath-Day Point," as the light fades away,
And end with this feast the angler's long day.
Then, there you will find, without any question,
That an appetite honest awaits on digestion.

There is a good deal of talk and speculation just now as to the attitude of the Amir of Afghanistan towards the British Power. On the one hand, the handsome subsidy which we allow Abdurrahman places him under the greatest obligations to us, and he is, of course, bound by treaty to shape his foreign policy in accordance with our wishes. On the other hand, he

seems pretty determined to preserve a decided independence within those limits, and the replies to the Indian proposals for sending a mission into his country gave unmistakable proof of this spirit. A few other characteristic items gleaned from the last Administration Report of the Governor-General's agent for Baluchistan point in the same direction, and show that the ruler of Afghanistan has but little wish for any closer relations with the paramount Power. In the spring of 1890 two Sepoys belonging to the 2nd Baluch Battalion, while proceeding on leave to their homes in Afghanistan, were turned back from Kandahar, and compelled to return to British territory, and in the following May a resident of Kandahar was arrested and deported to Turkistan, it being alleged that he was in correspondence with a British official in the Baluchistan agency. Again, on the night of July 27, twelve gun-shots were heard near New Chaman, our extreme station towards Afghanistan, and one of our Sepoy sentries was wounded in the leg. The offenders were reported to have fled into the Amir's territory, and an official letter, asking for their apprehension, was addressed to the Governor of Kandahar. The Governor, in reply, promised to try to arrest the men, but commented in his letter on our "encroachment" on Afghan territory, and expressed it as his conviction that this and other outrages was the outcome of the consequent resentment felt by the Afghans. All these incidents should warn us that in the event of further frontier difficulties with Russia it will not do to rely too confidently on Afghan loyalty and friendship.

Chums, the new monthly periodical for boys, published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., and edited by Mr. Max Pemberton, makes a spirited appeal to its youthful public. Stories of adventure are interspersed with telling articles on subjects which it is useful for a boy to know, but injudicious to present to him except in an artfully attractive form. The new magazine is well illustrated, and promises to make a distinct figure in a field which already has many tillers.

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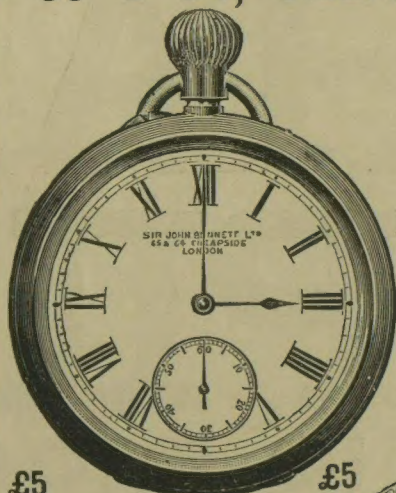
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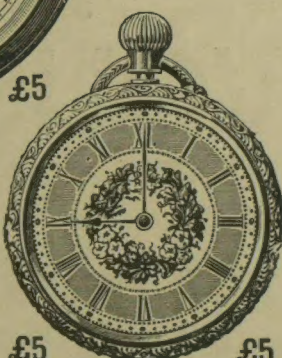
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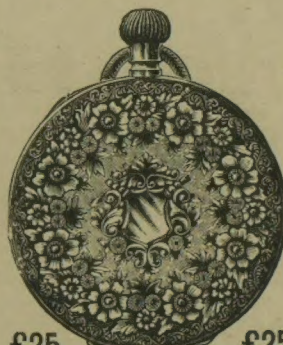
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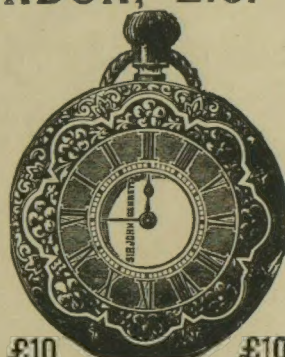


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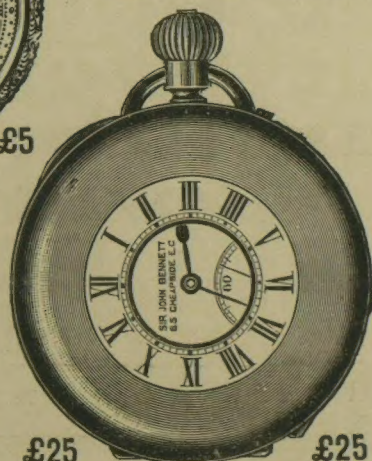
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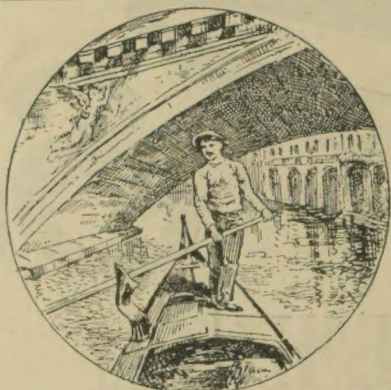
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